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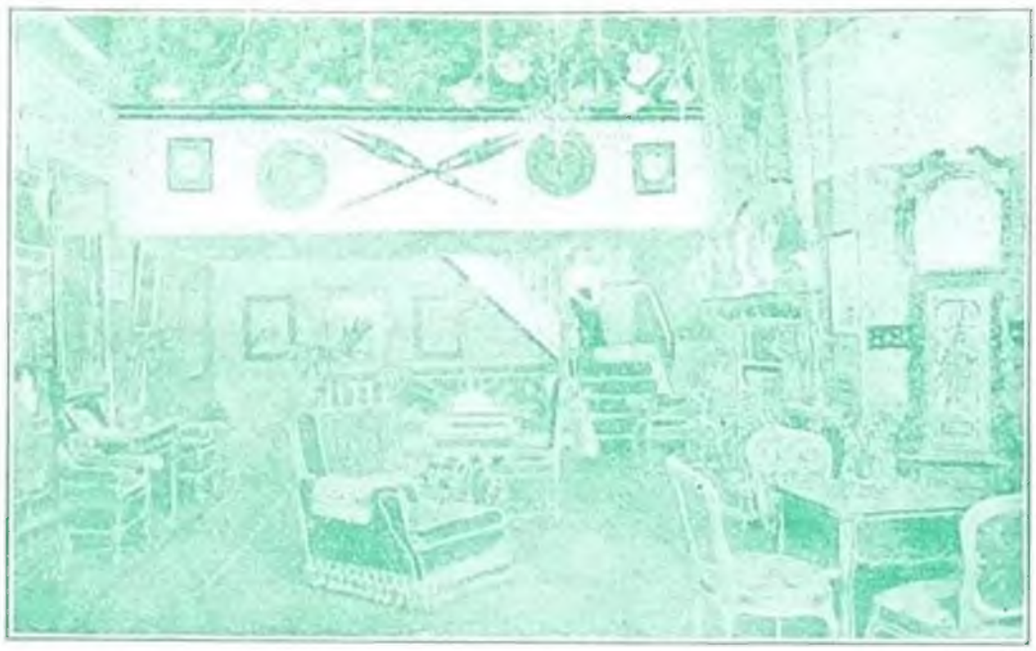

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EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS—*The Editor will at all times be glad to consider articles, stories, and sketches addressed to him at* 17 *&* 18, *Basinghall Street, E.C., but in order to avoid waste of time, contributors would do well to submit suggestions for his approval before sending in their work. In no case can the Editor be responsible for the safety of unsolicited sketches and literary matter, but where stamps are enclosed he will do his best to secure their return if unsuitable. When photos are to be returned, contributors should state so clearly on the back of each.*

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Fresh copy for advertisements must be sent in before the 15*th of this month, or the advertisement will be printed as in the previous month.*

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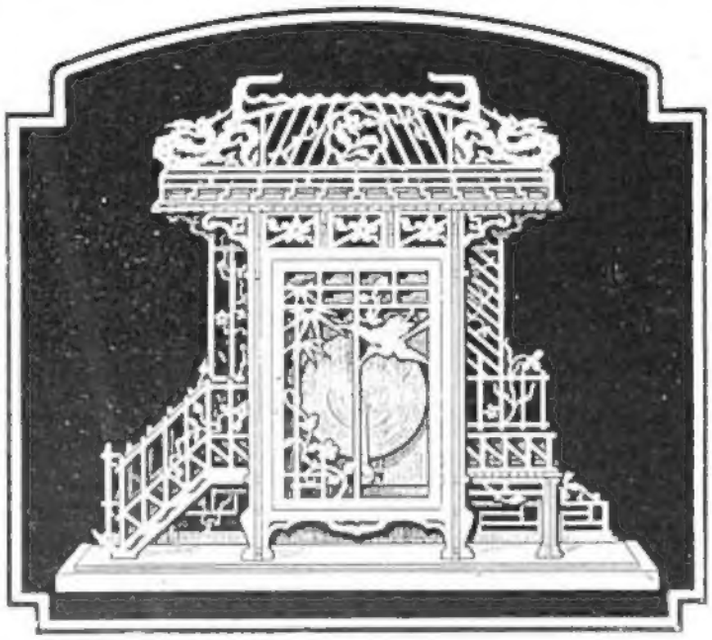

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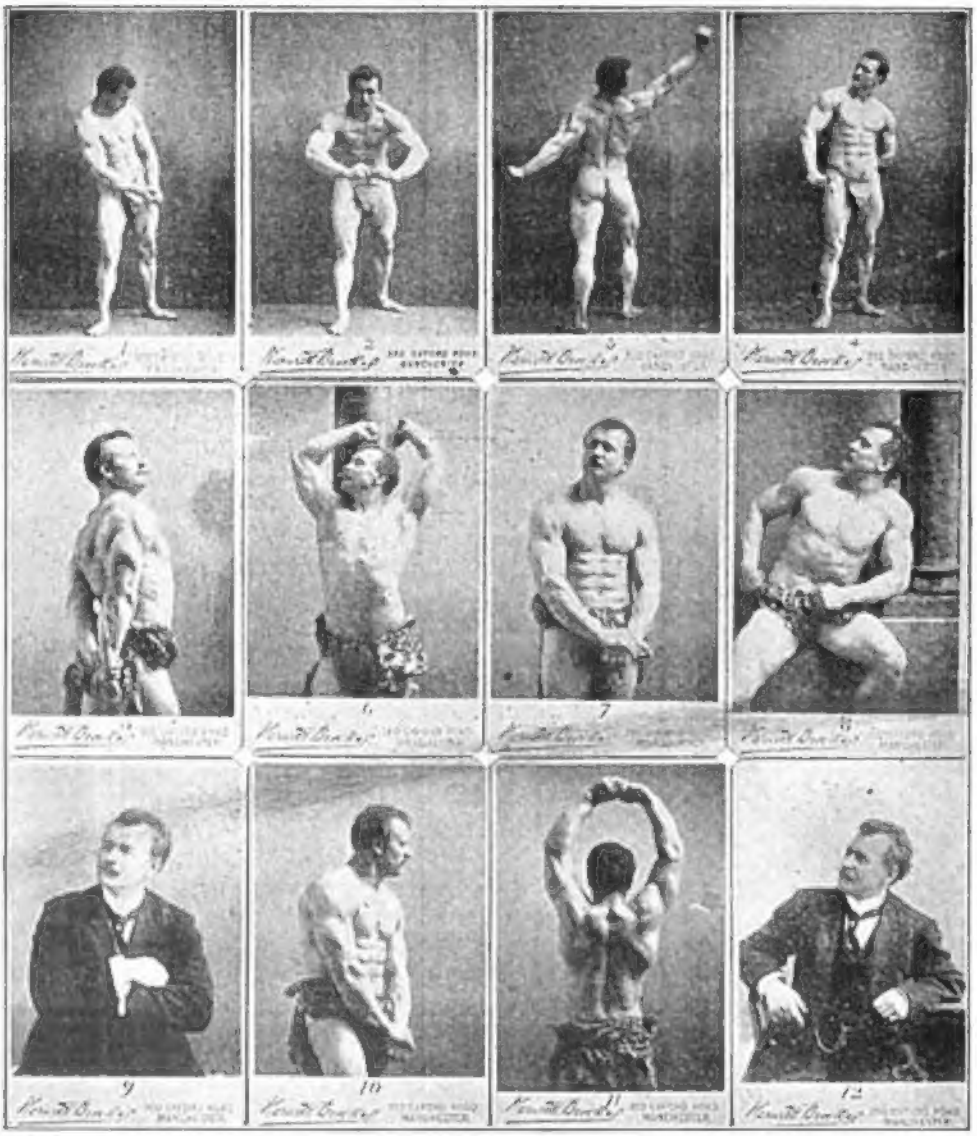

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THE NEW COMMITTEE.

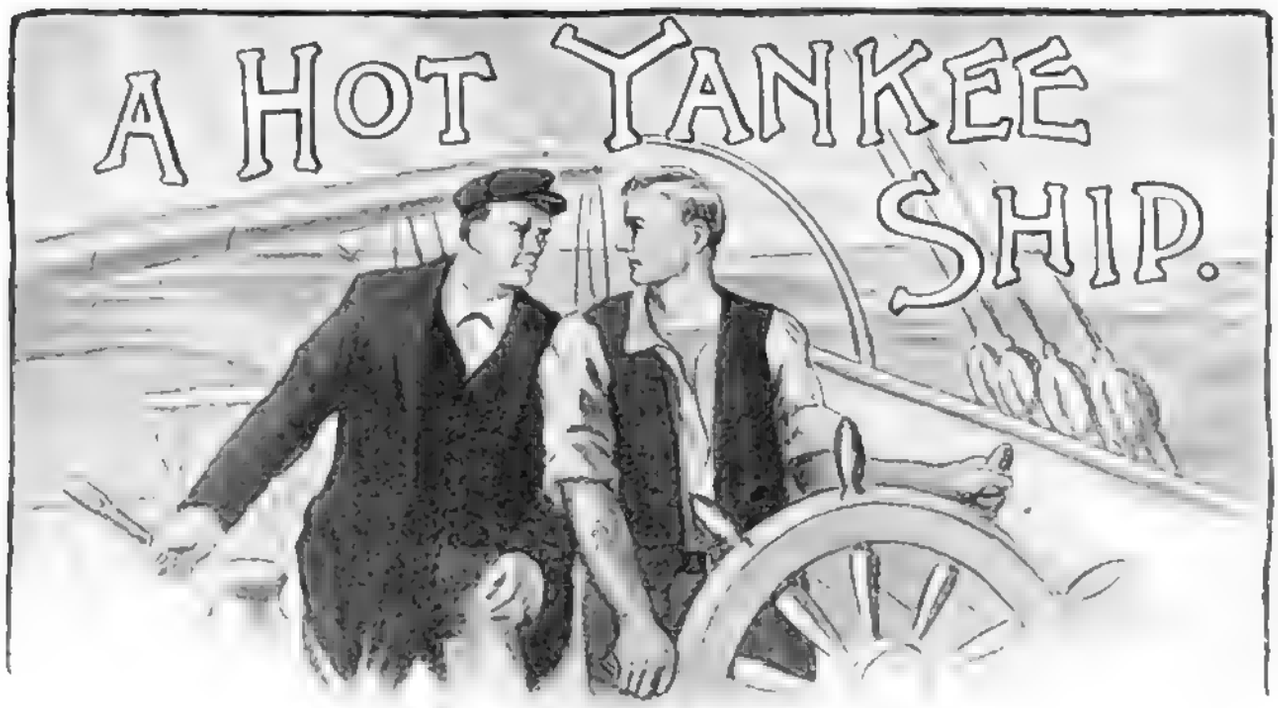
YET another step nearer to the attainment of my ideal. We are progressing slowly (but surely, let us hope) towards the recovery of our lost physique, for now the Lord President of the Council, the Duke of Devonshire, has appointed seven good men and true to make a preliminary inquiry into the allegations and facts which of late have forcibly proved that there is an alarming deterioration in the national physique. These said gentlemen, who are, I presume, to follow the suggested course as laid down by His Grace in the House of Lords when the question was mooted, are merely to find the *cause* of the deterioration by obtaining evidence from the medical faculty. It will be noticed from this that the decadence is admitted, as, indeed, there could be no denying in the face of figures; but it occurs to me that at the same time the cause is also very apparent, as ample proof was obtained at the recent Scottish Commission that the primary causes of deterioration were wrong diet and insufficient systematic physical exercise. The figures and deductions which will be forthcoming from the medical fraternity will, no doubt, be voluminous, and to some extent, interesting, and I have not the slightest doubt that when their deductions are made known, they will not differ from those arrived at by the Scottish Commission after most careful and thorough consideration.

The Press have taken up the matter with renewed vigour, and our leading daily journals are throwing open their columns to the discussion of the subject, which has also been the means of providing matter for many excellent leading articles, although I note with feeling and regret that some writers are unable to leave their political bias out of a question of such great national importance. It is a subject far above the pale of politics, and it was with extreme pleasure I read in a leading Party organ, whose denomination shall be nameless, that "The Committee have all the appearance of a business body and we may expect that they will execute their task with success. Their report will not command less confidence because the political and faddist elements are conspicuous by absence." Let us hope that these views will be borne out, and that the Committee will obtain good material for the more representative and

extended Commission which will, of course, take up the work subsequently, and whose duty will be to recommend the measures to be taken to bring about the desired reform.

What seems to escape the notice of many is, that in this question of national physical deterioration it is not only the male sex who are directly concerned and whose system an attempt is to be made to improve by State interference. The female sex of the poorer classes is affected just as much, and their physical welfare is just as much to be studied. Some of my contemporaries bearing this in mind have expressed the opinion that it is to be regretted that some lady capable of expressing an opinion on the subject should not have been invited to become a member of the Committee. I think, however, that the suggestion is a little premature, for it would be time enough for the ladies to give their views when the Commission has been formed. Indeed, unless they can give us something better in the way of suggestions and advice than some contained in recent letters to the Press, I am strongly inclined to the belief that we shall be better without their assistance.

An article published recently in a contemporary dealing with the deterioration of women, in which the athletic woman was condemned, has called forth heaps of letters of hot indignation on the head of the author, who, whilst perhaps right in some points, is certainly wrong in others. No doubt the purely "athletic girl," as we understand her, is inclined to be "mannish." This term, "mannish," however, is certainly a great misnomer, conveying, as it does, the idea that athletics make a woman unwomanly. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It does not follow that because custom has decided that a girl must not engage in the same sports and pastimes, and live the same natural life as her brother, that she is any the more a womanly woman. The great fault, in the great majority of cases, lies in the fact that the growing and developing girl is taught and has constantly impressed upon her that it is unladylike to engage in any form of muscular activity, instead of starting her from a child to gradually develop by systematic exercise, and live a natural, healthy life, such as is mapped out for the boys of the family. Of course, it stands to reason that a girl brought up in an artificial atmosphere like this cannot, without such a systematic life, start to engage in the same sports and games as her more fortunate brothers. She has not been prepared in her youth to live as her Creator intended she should live, and until foolish following of custom is swept away, and people become broader-minded—which I am glad to see is becoming more apparent every day—the natural woman will continue to be the subject of unthinking and misinformed criticism such as this. In the days to come, it will be the foolish women of the sex, who live in their narrow, unnatural circle, who will be the subjects of the pens of criticism, and not the woman who has lived her life of health and real enjoyment, built upon a foundation of systematic, careful exercise and development from childhood. All this is beside the question of the new Committee, although it is one which that body or its successor or successors will have to tackle, for I should not be surprised to find several Commissions formed for the purpose of dealing with the matter under several heads, and so facilitate matters, as the conditions of boys of different ages, as well as girls, differ considerably and could well be dealt with separately.



By J. St. A. JEWELL.

Author of "For the Honour of Their Flag," "The Loss of the Minnie Burrows," "The Other Girl," etc.

II.

MATTSON saw Roner rush in and grip the prostrate man by the throat, laughing as he did so, "Now I've got you, you swine, have I?" Roner sat straddle-legged across his chest, and spat in his face. "Take that—an' that—an' that," and he struck the half-dazed man three vicious blows, with clenched fists, in the face.

Mattson's desire for revenge for his split head ebbed as he watched Roner through the window. To look on was so cowardly, he felt, and the mate, who looked more like a vicious animal than a man, disgusted him.

When he reached the mate's room again, Spurling came out of the cabin, drunk.

"Wass all th' row 'bout?" he asked. "I'm goin' to tame this sucker," growled Roner, striking Dan again.

"Gee whiz—this ish grea'" ejaculated Spurling. "Ge' me pin, Mattson, ge' me pin."

"Get off my chest," roared Dan. "You big coward—get off my chest." He was struggling wildly to get his arms free.

Mattson came from deck with a belaying pin in his hand, which he handed reluctantly to Spurling.

"I'll ge' off your ches'," said Spurling, drunkenly, "I'll ge' off your ches', you mutinous dog." He calmly sat on Dan's stomach, and kept striking at his bare toes with the belaying pin. "How's tha' fer 'igh?" he shouted, every time the man groaned from pain.

All the time Roner was striking savagely at Dan's face, while Mattson had to look on. He would have stopped Roner had he not seen that no interference would be tolerated.

The mate's face was distorted with passion, and the vicious way in which he thumped the defenceless man was a little too much for Mattson.

Had the man been to a certain extent

free to resist, the probability is that Mattson would have willingly lent a hand in the taming process. But Dan was practically trussed up like a fowl, and looked so absolutely helpless, that Mattson was beginning to feel sorry for him. Why couldn't they give him a good punching with their fists, and let him go? He forgot all about how he had gone down the after-hatch with a belaying pin in his hand to hammer the very man who was now being hammered before his eyes.

He saw the blood running down Dan's face and collecting in a pool on the deck, and the sight made him wish to be out of it, only he couldn't somehow or other leave.

He looked on for a minute longer, while Spurling kept striking at Dan's toes and Roner at his face, and felt he could stand it no longer.

He caught hold of the mate and said, "Hold on—he's going off."

"Wass tha'?" asked Spurling. He dropped the belaying pin, now sticky with blood, and looked at the battered face.

"You've made a nish mesh o' 'im, Roner," he hiccoughed.

Roner got up and said to the steward, who was standing by, "Wash the blood off that man's face," pointing to Dan.

He rinsed his own hands in his wash-bowl, and wiped them while looking at the steward. He saw how the skin had been broken nearly all over one side of the face, and when the blue bruises loomed up through the washing process, he felt the whole business had been carried a little too far, but he was none the less satisfied.

It was fitting that the man who had defied the "afterguard" of a "hot" Yankee ship should bear some marks of his indiscretion.

They carried him to the lazarette and laid him down on the hard planks, with but an old bundle of sacking for a pillow.

Great lumps—a purple colour—had risen on his feet, and his shin bone showed bare where Spurling had struck him with the shoulder of the belaying pin.

"How about the British police at Hong Kong?" asked the steward.

"Damn the British police," replied Roner, as he went up the ladder.

Three times during that night the steward visited the lazarette. The sight he had seen in the afternoon had also sickened him. He had no sympathy with anything English, but at the same time he could not help but admire the big Englishman who had checked Roner at every turn.

He bandaged up Dan's head and bruised feet, and brought him an old mattress to lie on.

The steward had seen many men hammered by Nock Roner since he had sailed in the *Carry A. Limpus*, and was almost callous to it; but somehow or other the big Englishman seemed different. He was so manly and open in everything he did—he never cringed like most other men—and the whole affair had been carried out in such an underhand way that he felt sympathetic, and wanted to show it.

When Dan woke up he saw food and drink beside him, and guessed who had put it there.

When the steward came down again in the morning, Dan said simply, "Thank you, steward."

His head was aching, and he had a buzzing sound in his ears that was simply maddening. He tried to get up on his elbow, but could not. Sharp shooting pains that started at his toes kept running up both legs, and the sweat stood in beads on his brow.

It rolled down on to the skinned places and made him feel as if ten thousand mosquitoes were operating on his face. He crunched his teeth together, and gripped the mattress tight.

"Poor devil!" said the steward, softly, as he went on deck again.

After a while the pain seemed to ease up a bit, and he breathed more freely.

HE LOOKED ON FOR A MINUTE LONGER, WHILE SPURLING KEPT STRIKING AT DAN'S TOES AND RONER AT HIS FACE.

Then he got to counting aloud, for want of something better to do. Was it day, or was it night? 'Twas day, of course, for he remembered the stream of light that came down the hatch when the steward visited him.

The place was stuffy and smelt horribly, but as the hours passed he got used to it.

Then he heard the rats scampering about, and tried to recognise each by the noise it made. One of them, bolder than the rest, ran over his legs in a mad flight.

An old anchor lamp was tied to a stanchion, and by its light Dan saw the rat distinctly. He didn't mind it a bit—it was company, at any rate.

The rat, almost grey with age, sat on a bag of beans only a few feet from him, staring brazenly. His little black eyes were twinkling, as if he were amused rather than annoyed at the intrusion of the big sailor man. The sight so tickled Dan that he felt inclined to laugh in spite of his pain.

Then out of the darkness came others to watch him from the bean bag. Dan got to naming them—why, he didn't know. They sat on their haunches altogether, moving their whiskers constantly. Suddenly, back to their hiding places they scampered, for the hatch was lifted again, and the light came down in a big broad streak.

Dan knew who his visitor was by the long gum boots. Roner had come to talk to him Dan watched him as he seated himself leisurely on a case of tinned meats, and wondered what he had come to talk about.

"Well, my bold buck, have you had enough?" asked the mate, sarcastically.

Dan did not answer him; his eyes were blazing with hate at the man who had so cruelly marked him. He knew by Roner's tone of voice that he had come to "rub it in," and he felt sick at the thought of it. He was so helpless—so absolutely broken—that he would have cried had he known how.

Roner spoke again. "So you think you're man enough to bluff an American 'afterguard,' do you?" (His tone was becoming more caustic every second.) "You'll find between here an' Hong Kong what hazing means, damn you, d'you hear?"

Dan did not answer.

"An' now I'm down here I may as well let you know what you've got to do. You've got to 'pologise, d'you hear? I'm goin' to break you in style!"

Dan glared at him.

"Be smart now," said Roner, rising. His temper was getting worse every minute.

"Be smart, damn you," he said again, "or I'll knuckle you, down or no down."

"Would you strike a broken man?" asked Dan, incredulously. What Roner threatened seemed to Dan nothing short of devilish.

"Hurry up an' out with it, or I'll soon show you if I'll strike a broken man," said the mate.

He went over to Dan and waited with an ugly look on his face for some sort of submission.

Dan glared at him defiantly, and with a supreme effort raised himself on his elbow. "I'll see you damned first," he said.

Scarcely had he got the words out than Roner struck him full-fisted on the bandaged face, saying, as he did so, "Then take that, you limejuice hoodoo."

He stood in front of Dan and cursed him for an obstinate fool. He called him all the filthy names he could put his tongue to, and jeered at him when the red came spreading over the bandages.

"I'll tame you yet," he said, his voice quivering with passion; "I'll break you—bend you—even if you don't do another hand's turn for the rest of the passage."

He sat down on the tinned meat case again and glared at the helpless man.

"Will you 'pologise now, damn you?" he asked again.

But Dan had the buzzing in his ears once

more, and everything was swimming before his eyes. The top of his head seemed to be floating upwards, and he was trying to pull it down again. Then he felt the most excruciating pain in his feet and legs, for Roner, not getting an answer to his question, had kicked him on his swollen feet before going on deck.

Then human endurance gave way, and Dan went off into a doze.

The next thing he was aware of was somebody talking to him. "Who are you? What d'you want?" he asked.

"Talk easy, Dan—it's me—Charlie." Dan gripped his hand in token of gratitude. His heart was full, for he knew what his shipmate must have risked to have got at him.

"I've prised two planks out o' the bulkshead," explained the Austrian. "I went down the forehatch and walked the length o' the hold to get here. It's taken me more'n ten minutes—she's piled so blooming 'igh at the main hatch." While speaking he fumbled in his clothes.

"'Ere's some bacca for you, Sundown," he said, placing three plugs in Dan's hand.

The light was almost out, and Charlie pricked up the wick with the point of his sheath knife.

When the light burned up, he noticed for the first time that Dan's feet, as well as his head, were bound up in bandages. He looked at Dan enquiringly.

"That's some o' Spurling's work," said Dan. "He hammered my toes with a pin, while the mate sat on my chest and hammered my head. Nice gritty brute, ain't 'e, eh? He came down 'ere just now—before I dozed—an' struck me as I lay 'ere becos' I wouldn't apologise."

"What?" said Charlie.

"'E struck me as I lay 'ere becos' I wouldn't apologise," repeated Dan.

"Well, I'm damned!" Charlie could find no other words to say. He took out a plug of tobacco, and cut a small square lump off.

"It'll do yer good," he said, as he placed the dainty between the other man's hungry lips.

Then he fondled the sheath knife, looking at Dan as he did so. He pushed it under the mattress, and said, meaningly, "'E may come down again." Then he tapped Dan's shoulder gently and said again, "'E may come down again, Dan—d'you savey?"

Dan nodded; he understood perfectly.

Then he told Dan how things had been going on deck. "When your racket was goin' on," he said, "I tried to get aft to you, but the bo'sun laid me out with a deck bucket." He pulled off his cap and showed a dark-coloured, matted bunch of hair that stuck out aggressively.

"Roner's been boozing with the 'ole man ever since, and they're at it now. She's a proper 'ell now, an' no mistake. Mattson's having a bad time, too—Spurling struck 'im this mornin'. Roner 'lows 'e's goin' to murder you and then bury you in the bilges. If 'e comes to you, Dan, don't forget it's a real Green River knife, an' a slash is as good 's a jab. D'you savey?" He shook him gently again.

"I understand," said Dan, pettishly.

Just above they heard the trampling of feet, and Charlie cleared through the bulkshead for'ard.

Dan drew the knife from under the mattress and placed it under his shirt, ready for emergencies.

The square hatch was lifted up, and the steward came down. He went to Dan quickly, and whispered, "The skipper's coming down to have a look at you—be civil."

Then Dan heard Spurling's voice above. "Len' me a hand, steward. My leg's bad again."

Dan watched the steward as he helped the drunken man down the ladder, and began to

wonder if the skipper had also come to taunt him.

Spurling was only half dressed, and his heavy, sensuous face was blotched and bleared with consistent heavy drinking.

He sat down on the case to which the steward had steered him, hiccoughing all the while.

"Thatsh what you get for mutiny," he said. "Lemme 'ave a look at you." He leaned over the prostrate man, and took the bandages off his head with drunken gravity. "Mush shee what damage 's done," he observed.

Then the steward unrolled the bandages from the cruelly-mauled feet, and when both were bare Dan said to the skipper, "You did that, sir."

Spurling felt the big puffy lumps of flesh, and mumbled under his breath.

"You shall go to your bunk," he said, "an' I'll see what I can do for you."

When Spurling spoke, Dan was fingering the handle of the sheath nervously. Just one good jab, low down, at the big brute at his side would have been so easy. It would have squared up matters beautifully. Something seemed to be shouting in his ear, "Kill him—kill him—kill him." It was getting the better of him slowly but surely, the overpowering desire to slay.

He had so much to avenge—God knew he had. It was only right that one of the two who had caused so much pain should die. But then . . . He was an Englishman! Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and he felt a strange tugging at his heart.

"Kill him—kill him," yelled the Voice in his ear. "No, no. For God's sake, stop. No, no," he shouted, mutely, "I can't play Dago now. I'm English—English—English."

Then the Voice yelled in his ear again as if in echo, "He's English—English—English."

He groaned aloud as he whipped out the knife and flung it backwards over his shoulder.

"Wash that?" asked Spurling, who heard the noise as the falling knife clattered on some tins.

"Nothing, sir," answered Dan.

They carried him for'ard in the dogwatch and the steward tended him properly. His feet were salved and bandaged, and his cuts plastered.

In a week's time the swellings had gone down and he was able to hobble about on his heels, and the bo'sun gave him little sail-making jobs, at which he could sit down and work at ease.

When the mate came on deck, which was seldom, he was always drunk and quarrelsome.

Dan learned from the steward that no sights had been taken for three days, as the skipper and mate were too drunk to read their sextants.

Mattson and the bo'sun kept a sort of reckoning between them by means of the log line, but as it was found to be marked wrongly, it didn't help them much.

They got less noisy as the days passed, and neither the mate nor skipper showed signs of giving up their orgie, for both men knew that they were approaching the coast.

When the men got an order they walked to execute it, instead of running as Roner made them do. They had got so used to the cry of "Run, you hoodlums, run," that when it was no longer heard they almost missed it, for it had become part and parcel of the passage.

Dan's feet soon got well, and the places on his face so improved that the bandages were discarded.

When he looked in his little looking-glass a scowl crossed his face, for he knew that he would always carry another scar over his left cheek bone. One was there already—that of a cut which he had got from a Greek who had constituted himself a fo'csle bully. He

made up his mind that Nock Roner should pay the price of that scar.

When he wore his boots again he felt like a new man. The place on his shinbone hurt him a good deal, but the lotion with which the steward kept him supplied was doing its work slowly.

Although he was physically fit to do the ordinary work of the ship, the bo'sun, who had taken the watch since Roner had been incapable, kept him on the main hatch working at the sails.

Mattson came up to him one morning and asked, "Can you handle a sextant, Martin?"

The second mate's face was troubled, and his only thoughts were for the safety of the ship. He had tried to get Spurling and Roner on deck to take sights, but they only cursed him for his trouble, and, as he did not understand navigation himself, he felt the responsibility of having the ship in his charge keenly.

Now Dan did understand a little navigation, and could work out a position fairly correctly, but the mere fact of a man who had helped to make the ship uncomfortable coming and asking for his assistance when in trouble angered him.

He did not know that the second mate's feelings towards him had changed a great deal since the afternoon that he had been hammered by the skipper and mate.

"Yes, I can," he said, gruffly; "what about it?"

"I want you," said Mattson, "to help find where we are. I know we are not far off the land, and I feel sort o' scared. The cap'n and mate are both 'speechless,' an' it's no use my talking to them."

Dan saw that he was worried, and knew fairly well that he had been anxious for the last few days, because the watches had been heaving the deep sea lead almost every two hours.

Mattson guessed that Dan was thinking of the part he had played with the capstan bar, and looked confused. Then it struck him suddenly that what he was doing was almost an unprecedented thing—at least for an American officer.

The safety of the ship was at the moment dearer to him than his dignity as an officer, though; and, besides that, he knew that the man he was talking to was as good a sailor as himself, if not better, inasmuch as he understood navigation, and when he weighed these facts in his mind they helped to tone down his humiliation.

He sat down listlessly on the corner of the hatch and spoke again.

"I know what you're thinking of, Martin, an' I can't blame you. I never struck you when you were down, tho'. S' 'elp me Gawd, I was sorry for you. Will you shake hands with me?" He held out his hand as he spoke, but Dan made no motion.

"You ought to be satisfied," he went on; "you've put a mark on me that I'll always wear, an' I've never put hand to you but for the capstan bar."

"You brought the 'ole man' the belaying pin, though, didn't you," said Dan, hotly. "An' you stood by while he beat my toes, didn't you, eh? That was a nice way to handle a man, wasn't it? An' now you're in a mess you come an' ask me to help you out! I haven't thought 'bout you much, but you can take it from me that the mate'll have to pay in full for that welt he gave me down the lazarette. Look at it," and he pointed to the red scar on his cheek bone.

"Will you shake hands?" asked Mattson, doggedly. "As far as I'm concerned, let bygones be bygones."

This eating of humble pie touched Dan deeply. He knew that it was costing Mattson a great deal. He also knew that Mattson had that horror of getting near the land that all deep-water sailing ship sailors have, and he guessed that the vessel was not far off the coast of Sumatra.

Unconsciously, while he was thinking of these things, he stared hard at the second mate, who did not relish it. To him it was the look of reproach, and he felt it was useless to try and make his peace with the only man who was capable of helping him in his trouble.

He knew perfectly well that he and the bo'sun together could not scare the big Englishman into helping them, and he was beginning to feel mad with himself at having sung so small to Dan, who, after all, was only an A.B.

As he walked aft with mixed feelings, Dan watched him; and as he watched, he saw, coming from under the edge of the cloth cap to the nape of the neck, a painfully conspicuous white line. "Come back," he called.

Mattson turned, and came for'ard again. "Well?" he said.

"Put it there," said Dan, "an' we'll forget all about it." As Mattson put his hand in the outstretched hairy paw, Dan looked him in the eyes, and said, quietly, "I'm sorry I struck you, sir."

They got the steward to bring out the captain's sextant and the chronometer, and at noon worked out her position.

At eight bells in the afternoon watch land was sighted far away to the north-east. "That's the Island of Engano," said Dan.

In the evening the skipper called Mattson to his cabin. He had found out from the steward that his sextant was being used, and he wanted to know the meaning of it.

When Mattson went in to the skipper he found him with only a suit of underclothes on, and fuming with drunken rage.

"What d'you mean by takin' my seshtant, eh?" he demanded. "What d'you mean by it; tell me quick." He swayed heavily as he spoke, and Mattson began to feel uneasy.

"I took it to find our position, sir. No sights have been taken for nearly a week, and we're off the coast. I was getting a bit scared."

"Damn you!" roared Spurling, "don' you think I'm ca'ble of navigatin' my own vessel, eh? Gee whiz! Thish ish pas' all bearing. You'll be walkin' off with my chronom'ter nesht, I s'pose."

"I've got it, already," said Mattson, anxious to make a clean breast of it, and get it over.

"What?" roared Spurling — "you've taken my chronom'ter?" Then he turned to a drunken figure on the settee. "Mis'ah Roner—hey—d'you hear — thish ——— taken chronom'ter. D'you hear — taken chronom'ter. By Gawd! You whitewash' Russian Fin — I'll teesh you take my chronom'ter," and he struck at Mattson with an empty bottle.

The skipper's roaring had roused the mate from his drunken doze, and he sat up.

"Taken my chronom'ter," roared Spurling, "taken my chronom'ter."

"What?" said Roner. It dawned on him that a sort of fight was proceeding, and he got up to help the skipper.

Mattson was holding Spurling's arms and trying to quiet him, but the drunken brute made wild efforts to free his arms and use the bottle.

Roner struck at Mattson with his fists, but the second mate easily warded off the blows of the two men and edged towards the after door leading to the poop. He pushed the mate on the settee again, and mounted the ladder.

Roner got on his feet again, and looked for something to throw at the retreating figure. Seeing nothing better, he unhooked the large pendant lamp from the deck beam, and hurled it with all his strength.

The lamp was shattered to pieces on the hard pine steps, but as the oil trickled down it caught fire and ran in a blazing stream to the lee side.

"My Gawd—what have you done?" said Spurling. In an instant he sobered up at the mere thought of fire, for underneath her

HE UNHOOKED THE LARGE LAMP, AND HURLED IT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

hatches the *Carrie A. Limpus* carried 25,000 cases of oil.

He tore the cloth off the table to smother out the fire as it lay in a little pool against the stateroom bulkshead, but before he could use the cloth the curtains caught fire.

The whole of the starboard side of the cabin was ablaze in a minute or two, for the wood was as dry as tinder.

Roner groped around aimlessly, for he was too sodden to fully grasp the significance of what he had done.

"Get water—get water," shouted the skipper, who was trying to beat out the flames with his bare hands.

Mattson heard the yelling from the poop, and came running aft. "What's the matter, sir?" he asked.

He looked down the hatch, and saw the blaze, and ran for'ard, shouting as he went, "Lay aft, all hands. Fit the pump gear and get the hose aft on the poop."

All was hurry and scurry—men tumbled out of the foc'sle half-dressed, and gripped buckets and hose, and ran for the poop. Then one of them cried "Fire!" and the rest took it up till the cry went fore and aft.

By the time the pump was under way the whole of the after part of the cabin was ablaze, and both the skipper and mate had been forced on deck by the dense smoke.

It rolled up heavenwards in a thick oily column, and the man at the wheel lurched for'ard, half choked.

"Brace the mainyard square," roared Spurling.

They ran for the braces and laid the yard square aft, and then hurried back to the pump. Those who could not find room at the handles took deck buckets and fired water into the cabin through the hatch. Mattson played the hose all over the woodwork, but it had not the slightest effect.

Then the large skylight fell with a crash, and the flames shot upward and licked the spanker boom.

"Brail in the spanker and guy the boom to le'ard," shouted the second mate. By the time the order had been carried out they could not go aft again, for the cabin burst into flame on both sides.

The mate sat on the for'ard skylight half dazed: he did not seem to know what was occurring, nor did he seem to care. He simply shook himself when Mattson deliberately played the hose in his face, in a vain endeavour to sober him up.

Spurling behaved like a madman. "My little ship, my little ship," he cried. Then he punched anyone who happened to be near him, in the ribs, saying, as he did so, "Where's my chronom'ter?—damn you." They saw him plucking at his trouser legs, and rolling his eyes in an insane way.

Then he countermanded every order that Mattson gave, and time was wasted in consequence.

"Take charge yourself," whispered the bo'sun in his ear; "he got the jumps. We'll back you up."

Mattson turned to the men, and asked, "If I take charge, men, will you back me up? The skipper's only hindering work."

"Aye, aye, we'll back you up," they shouted. He walked over to the skipper, and said, "I'm in charge now; go for'ard and clear out the starboard boat."

Mattson went back to the hose and poured water into the cabin again, while Spurling cursed him. Then a young Norwegian struck Spurling in the back with a bucket, saying, as he did so, "Dat's for Oscar, you schwine; now you is no better dan we is."

The steward got all his available provisions on deck and stowed the boats, together with the chronometer and sextants.

"Get that port boat all ready for launching, bo'sun," shouted the second mate, "and when she's ready get the starboard one over the rail. Don't forget the breakers."

Mattson was still pouring water into the

ship, but he began to lose all hope of saving her. He knew very well that it had got below the cabin floor, and that once it reached the hold nothing could save her.

He did not feel frightened, however, for the sea was calm, and the land was fairly near.

The bo'sun carried out his orders smartly, and came aft again. "We're only wasting time here, Mr. Mattson," he said. "We'd better clear out before she pops off."

They went for'ard and lowered the boats in the water, Mattson superintending from the rail.

Spurling was lowered into the port boat, and dumped like a sack of potatoes in the stern sheets.

Mattson distributed his men between the two boats equally, giving the bo'sun charge of the port one and taking the starboard one himself.

When all were aboard they heard the fierce roaring of the fire aft. The sky was lit up by it, and from the boats alongside the men saw the flames climbing up the mizzen-mast rapidly.

"Shove off—shove off," they cried, "she'll blow up before we get clear." All for the minute was confusion, every man speaking at once.

They shipped the long ash oars and rowed to a safe distance from the burning ship. "She'll go sky high in a minute," said one.

When about a quarter-mile from her the two boats drew together. "Are you all right, bo'sun," yelled Mattson.

After a minute the bo'sun's deep voice was heard. "Skipper's leg's broken, otherwise all well. How's the mate?"

Mattson turned sick. He thought both the mate and the skipper were in the port boat, and as the horror of the thing came home to him he groaned.

"We must go back for him," he said to his men. "Pull port."

As they looked towards the burning ship the chart house caught and burst into flame, and by the additional light it gave they saw the dark figure of Roner still seated on the for'ard skylight.

It was all so horribly distinct—the fire lit up the scene so, and the dark figure was so conspicuous against the white paintwork.

"Give way, lads, let's be smart," said Mattson, putting the tiller hard-a-port.

The stroke oar, an old man, stood up and asked, "D'you want us to be blown sky high, eh? 'E never did any of us any good, an' we don't inten' risking ourselves for 'im."

"Good God! You're not goin' to let him stop there without making a shape to help him, are you?" asked Mattson. "Hustle up, 'an let's get him quick."

No man moved an oar. Then someone said for'ard, in a low voice, "Serve 'im right. 'E's got wot 'e deserves." They saw the dark figure on the poop lurch to the rail, waving his arms in mute appeal.

Mattson covered his eyes with his cap to shut out the sight. Then he heard a splash on the starboard side of the boat, and the voices of his men yelling, "It's Dan—come back, Dan—sharks!"

They rowed after him, calling, "Come back—come back," but he kept steadily on towards the ship.

Big showers of sparks shot up with the flames just then, for the spanker boom had burned in two, and the ends had fallen into the furnace beneath.

They rowed out again to a safe distance and told the bos'un's boat what had occurred. Then all hands tried to keep the swimmer in view and watch his progress.

"I don't s'pose he'll ever get there," said the old man. Then a man in the bow of the boat said, excitedly, "There 'e is, d'ye see?" pointing to the vessel with outstretched arm.

As they looked they saw, silhouetted against the white cotton canvas of the fore sail, the figure of their shipmate, and some thing very like a cheer went up.

They saw him disappear from the rail for a minute, and then reappear on the for'ard end of the long poop deck.

What that swim had cost Dan only himself could tell; but he'd got there all right.

He went over to the drunken man and shook him by the shoulder, saying, "We've got to swim for it. D'you understand?"

"You here?" said Roner, drunkenly, turning round as he spoke; "I didn' know 'twash you."

Dan took a life-belt from the rail and put it into the mate's hands. "All you've got to do is to keep afloat, an' I'll tow you out," he said.

He led him off the poop to the main deck, for the heat was too great for a sober man to stand. He noticed Roner was looking curiously at him out of the corner of his eye, and put it down as one of the effects of the wild orgie that had come so abruptly to an end.

When they got abreast the deck-house he took the flying-jib halyards off the pin, intending to cut off a length for a tow-rope with which to get the mate to the boats.

As he was measuring off the rope, Roner suddenly gripped him round the neck from behind, and forced him to the deck.

"You come 'ere to mock me, you swine, eh?" he gurgled. "You think I don' know. I've hammered you before, an' I can do it 'gain, damn you."

Then he jabbered inarticulately, and his eyes rolled round horribly. He tried to bend down and bite Dan's neck, for his hands were engaged in keeping him pinned to the deck.

Then he thought better of it, and changed his tactics. He butted with his head, and the blow went home like a battering ram. It reopened the scar on Dan's cheek, and the blood trickled down on the deck.

"You come to mock me, eh? I'll show you." He tried to get at Dan's sheath knife, but the man wriggled and nearly upset him.

All Dan's old hatred was coming up again for the man, and he tried to get his arms clear from the vice-like grip. Finding this was impossible, he drew up his right knee, inch by inch, until he got it under the mate's chest, kicking as he did so. Roner gave a sickly gasp as Dan got in one good lunge with his boot, and rolled over on the deck.

He still kept jabbering, "You come mock me, eh?" until it became monotonous.

Dan got up and stood over his prostrate enemy, wiping the blood from his face. Then he kneeled down beside him with the intention of pummelling him as he himself had been pummelled. How he hated him at that moment! Then, as he looked aft, the fire opened up new vistas of sweet revenge.

"I'll let you stay and burn, you brute," he shouted. He placed his lips close to Roner's ear, that he might din it into his dulled brain. "I'll let you burn—burn, curse you!"

Then he clambered on to the rail and jumped into the water as the vessel rolled. He swam ten yards out from her side and then stopped, for he began to feel queer. Turning, he made for the vessel's side again, and climbed up by the boat falls that hung to the water's edge. Roner was still lying just where he had left him, with his left arm under his head.

"Oh, you beautiful swine," he said softly to himself as he raised the mate to a sitting posture, and forced the belt over the broad shoulders. Then he pulled the limp arms up and fastened the belt in position under the armpits.

When he had made fast the towline, he carried his heavy burden to the rail and threw it in the water, jumping in immediately afterwards himself.

He placed the bowline in his end of the line round his shoulders, and struck out boldly towards the horizon.

He heard the fire roaring behind him, but the sound grew less as he swam on, and other thoughts filled his mind. Then Roner started jabbering again, for the water had roused him up. "Strike out if you can," said Dan, "there's sharks about." Roner screamed with fright. "Sharks? Oh God, oh God."

HE KEPT ON STEADILY FOR THE BOATS, LOOKING ANXIOUSLY TO RIGHT AND LEFT AS HE SWAM.

Even as the cry went over the sea Dan saw to his left, by the phosphorescence of the water, a big mass moving parallel with them.

"Kick all you know how," he shouted to the mate. Far behind them a dull roar came out of the night, and the Thing close by them disappeared.

When Dan looked round he saw that the mizzenmast had gone over the side, and the stump was still burning. He kept on steadily for the boats, looking anxiously to right and left as he swam. His limbs seemed to be getting stiff and he was beginning to feel tired, for Roner pulled so heavy.

He longed to turn over on his back and take a rest, but even as he thought of it the Thing came close again. It was slowly edging towards them—oh, so slowly.

As the boats neared the spot where the two men were lashing the waters wildly, they saw great fiery streaks rushing all round them, and their hearts went into their mouths.

As the spare hands pulled the two into the boats, the rowers beat the water with the blades of their oars to scare the hungry brutes off.

Roner seemed sobered by his terrible experience and was deeply thankful to the man who had saved him. He offered Dan his hand, but the big Englishman only turned his back on him.

They sat down on the thwarts to wait for the end, which they knew could not be far off. But for a small ground swell the sea was perfectly calm, and the sight before them was magnificent, for the barque was alight almost to her mainmast.

"It'll go over the side dreckly," said one of them.

Then they saw what appeared to be a vast blaze of light extending over twenty points of the compass, and, as it shot up heavenwards, a dull boom came over the sea.

Then the blaze went out suddenly, and showers of sparks came from the sky like ten thousand rockets; then darkness swallowed them up.

* * *

They were picked up next morning by a Dutch coasting boat and dumped down at Singapore, where in due course of time the skipper and Roner got well.

Dan shipped as quartermaster in a blue funnel Kangaroo boat—sick to get home.

He had been drinking heavily when he went to the "Home" to say good-bye.

"I've got nothin' 'gainst you, Mattson," he told his one-time second mate; "if I ever had I've forgotten it, anyhow." He shook him by the hand and walked along the verandah to the officers' mess room.

He passed Spurling with head erect, and spat on the ground as he did so. Spurling was not the man he wanted.

He walked right into the mess room and saw Roner sitting down in a long cane chair, smoking.

Roner knew that Dan had shipped, and when he saw him approach he rose, and said, "S'pose you're off to join the smokestack, eh?"

Dan ignored the proffered hand once more, and said, pointedly, "When I've paid what I owe."

Roner immediately put his hand in his pocket and pulled out money, but Dan waved it aside and said, surlily, "That's not what I mean." He pointed with forefinger to his plastered face, "Touching the matter o' that," he said.

"Well?" asked Roner, immediately bracing himself together.

"Gord forgive you," said Dan, "you're a poor puny thing; I'm sorry I ever went back for you. I wouldn't have done it but for . . . . ."

He struck him full-fisted between the eyes, muttering, "It's not enough—not enough."

Then with bowed head, as if deep in thought, he walked out into the hot streets towards the landing stage.

The Human Trinity.

By J. MOORE-WILLIAMS.

FROM the time when men began to realise that mental force might dominate the physical, the body has been neglected for, and has been subservient to, the mind.

Physical perfection has been considered as of secondary importance. The body has been but a sort of necessary evil, a needful habitation of the mind. While men have engaged in intellectual combats that have dethroned kings and revolutionised governments, their bodily machinery has been neglected, until in many instances it has stopped altogether or has given such decisive warnings of rebellion as could not fail in securing some consideration of its needs.

We do those things we ought not to do, and we leave undone those things which we ought to have done, and we wonder that there is no health in us. Like Naaman, we expect our health to be the result and subject of some miraculous interference, and neglect the homely precautions by which it might be saved. The human body is the most wonderful machine in the world, but yet the most neglected. We work our brains to the point of insanity; we neglect our bodies to the point of atrophy.

The great hindrance to the due training of the body is to be found in the too exclusive cultivation and employment of the mind, in the long and continuous hours of physical inaction with extreme mental effort and inordinate mental stimulation which the requirements and educational demands of the present day often involve; and in the overlooking or ignoring of the fact that the body also has urgent and distinct claims to culture and employment. On this subject Horace Mann wrote to a student:—"In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organisation and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I should have began at home and taken the stars when it should come to their turn."

Surely we ought to cherish the body, even if it be but a frail and humble companion. Do we not owe to the eye our enjoyment of the beauties of this world and the glories of the heavens? To the ear the voices of friends and all the delights of music? Are not the hands most faithful and invaluable instruments? And even the feet bear us without a murmur along the roughest and stoniest path of life. With reasonable care we can enjoy good health. And yet what a marvellous and complex organisation we have! We are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. It is—

> "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long."

When we consider the marvellous complexity of our bodily organisation, it seems a miracle that we should live at all; much more that the innumerable organs and processes should continue day after day and year after year with so much regularity and so little friction that we are sometimes scarcely

conscious of having a body at all. Perhaps nothing will so hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted upon their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true that, in the case of drunkenness, the viciousness of a bodily transgression is recognised; but none appear to infer that, if this bodily transgression is vicious, so, too, is every bodily transgression. The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then—and perhaps not till then—will the physical training of the young receive the attention it deserves.

The beneficial effects of physical development on the body is an unassailable argument. The requisites of health are daily exercise, fresh air, cleanliness and moderation in all things. But the beneficial effects of exercise are not confined to the body alone. Mind, body, and soul share equally in the benefits derived from physical training. We cannot carry on the education of a soul and body separately; it is the whole man we have to develop. A man is what he is not in one part or another, but all over. We must keep our bodies physically fit. "The care and cultivation of the body," says Sandow, "is a sacred and imperative duty."

The Delsartean principles of the trinity underlie all being and all doing. These trinitarian principles apply with equal fidelity to our own being and our every-day doing, and are withal so practical that they may be incorporated into all lines of thought and action. Delsarte, the great philosopher, taught us that the trinity is a universal formula; that three expressions or thirds are necessary, and that there must be absolute co-necessity between these three. He taught us that physical development, poise, and gesture, are but the external expressions of an internal condition. To each spiritual function responds a function of the body. To each grand function of the body corresponds a spiritual act. Every sentiment has its plastic expression. The body being the machine through which the mind and soul work, it is necessary to keep it in smooth and working condition. Our essential triplicity, or trinity, consists of the mental, the moral, and the physical. The mental is of the intellect, the moral is of the soul, and the physical or vital is of the body. Any line of education or culture is faulty that neglects to consider two-thirds of its trinity. The three essential departments of our nature cannot be dissociated without violence to the being as a whole. This understanding is necessary in order that we may so develop and poise the body as to enable it to give the highest and noblest expression of which the intellect and soul are capable. Be the intellect and soul ever so highly evolved, there can be but inharmony result from an association with a body that refuses to do their bidding in a proportionately high degree. Sympathy between body, soul, and intellect is normal, and indicates susceptibility of improvement. Divorcement between them is abnormal, and indicates a degenerate state. Improvement is then difficult. When we meet a person who declares that his physical degeneracy has no influence upon his mind and soul, that person is ignorant or a falsifier. If with such a person sympathy has ceased to exist between the three essential attributes of his being, he is no longer a whole man. He is divided against himself. Such a state is worse than

to suffer pain. For pain is at least evidence of the presence of sympathy, though not harmony, between the vital, moral, and mental nature. True culture implies physical, moral, and mental effort united in harmonius action. In its largest sense health implies harmonious development of body, soul, and mind—that trinity in unity that is symbolised in nearly all religions.

It is impossible to make the simplest movement of any kind without the direction of the mind, so inextricably are the two bound up together, and from the earliest times physicians, both spiritual and mental, have known that the soul can be reached through "the subtle gateways of the body." A man who has brought mind and body into the relation of master and willing servant, even in so elementary a matter as this, is going on the right road to teach himself control in the largest choices and difficulties. Health of body contributes directly to the power and strength of mind. The interweaving of mind and body is very complex, so closely knit that it would be beyond the sphere of safety to say that the knitting together of the body and that within us, which is the spring of moral qualities in fact, is closer than that of the mind and body. In any case, the interdependence of body on soul, of soul on body, and of both on the mind, is practically complete, and these form the human trinity. There is no healthful habit of body which does not directly exercise a healthful influence on the soul, no harmful habit which does not hurt it. The body sins, and in its secret place the soul sickens. From the other side, also, a high moral standard infallibly leads the body to adopt healthy habits, a low moral standard suffers it to drift into physical crime and degradation. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." Man is the architect of fate, having at his command the to-days and yesterdays, from which, truly shaped and fashioned and fitted each into its appointed place, he may raise a structure beautiful, entire, and clean, "a fit habitation for the gods." The edifice to be erected is a perfect manhood—an harmonious trinity—and its character will depend on proper use of time and material at our disposal. The correct use of these is then of the first importance. If the result is to be perfect, the labour is to be continual. Spasmodic effort is futile. All should cultivate the inspiration to build nobly and well. It is to be remembered that the process of perfection is a lifelong one, and that the most constant care and watchfulness are needed to prevent the results being vitiated by lower ambitions and worldly temptations. Lay the corner stone of health at the foundation of the structure we are building, and the storms and battles of life will be bravely resisted, while the highest pinnacle we may add in the years to come will remain secure and steadfast in its place.

With the increased development of the body comes increased development of the mind, and in addition to possessing a beautiful physique, our minds will be clearer and brighter; and instead of being dull and low-spirited, we will be able to take a bright view of life and our immediate surroundings. The greatest blessing a person can receive is a sound mind in a vigorous body. A healthy, energetic and vigorous frame are compatible with a powerful and vigorous intellect. Science and experience alike confirm the fact that the two are not only compatible, but that one is in every case an aid to the other. That the intellect can rarely attain, or if it already possesses, can rarely long retain a commanding height when the bodily functions are impaired; that the body itself will be at its best and most worthy condition when its claims are most fully shared by mental occupations, and that the healthy condition of the mind, produced by sufficient natural employment, will react most favour-

ably upon the body, can never be doubted for a moment, yet we continually find the one warring upon the other. Horace Mann, writing to a contemporary, said, "I am certain that I could have performed twice the labour both better and with greater ease to myself had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labour I have since been able to do I have done it all on credit instead of capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, as regards health, I have been put from day to day on my good behaviour, and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, 'If I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight.'" Huxley also placed a just estimate on the value of a strong, healthy body. He said, "A somewhat varied experience of men has led me, the longer I live, to set less value on mere cleverness; to attach more and more importance to industry and physical endurance. Indeed, I am much disposed to think that endurance is the most valuable quality of all; for industry, or the desire to work hard, does not come to much if a feeble frame is unable to respond to the desire." Napoleon, in the agonies of fever, made doubly poignant through the presence of hereditary disease, declared physical well-being to be the first requisite to good generalship. He was an enthusiastic advocate of physical culture.

It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigour. Does not increased physical force, stronger digestive power, make the blood more pure? and does not improved blood make the brain clearer and better in every way? Physical stamina furnishes the nervous strength so absolutely essential to endure the difficult and persistent intellectual struggle conjoined to high mental development. Without doubt, some men of poor physique, such as Paul, Watt, and Napoleon, have left "their footprints on the sands of time"; but there are exceptions to every rule.

We cannot but fancy that the lives of many great men might have been prolonged by the exercise of a little ordinary care. If we take musicians only, what a grievous loss to the world it is that Pergolesi should have died at twenty-six, Schubert at thirty-one, Mozart at thirty-five, Purcell at thirty-seven, and Mendelssohn at thirty-eight. Gladstone, Webster, Washington, Lincoln, and hundreds of other names could be mentioned to prove the dependence of brain upon muscular power. Franklin was a hale and hearty man at seventy. Chaucer and Æschylus were fighters as well as poets, and there is no doubt that their bodily vigour gave added grace, force, and power to the thoughts they have so beautifully expressed. The intellectual power possessed by Aristotle was owing in a large degree to the harmonious education in which the body shared as well as the mind. Cæsar was an athlete admirable in manly sports. Socrates surpassed all men in physical endurance.

Sir Frederick Treves says that "one great element in life is bodily endurance. Learning in a broken body is like a sword without a handle." Anyone who devotes himself to intellectual pursuits must allow his body to have action and practise gymnastics. It is said that no time is wasted out of doors. Fresh air is a cordial of incredible value. "I die content," said Sydenham, "because I leave behind me two great physicians—fresh air and exercise." Those who prefer Homer, Plato, and Shakespeare to rivers, forests, and mountains must beware that they are not tempted to neglect fresh air, which is the great requisite of our nature.

The influence of the mind over matter is one of the greatest mysteries of our being. Few people realise the power of this mighty force which is ever working within us for

good or for evil, for health or for disease. The power of the mind over the body goes a long way to explain much of which is looked upon as miraculous or supernatural. Disease is often induced by the fear of its appearance. The power of the imagination to sway the physical forces is rarely appreciated fully. A strong will, which determines that health and strength shall at any cost be acquired, goes a long way to success. Mr. Sandow is the greatest modern illustration of the extent to which mind can make muscle.

The first essential to success is the power of concentrating the will upon the work. "Muscles are not developed by muscular action alone," says Mr. Sandow. "Physical exertion, however arduous and long-continued, will not make a man strong. Mechanical and desultory exertion will never materially increase a man's strength. The mind must be directed on the muscles."

The cultivation of physical vigour elevates manhood, and broadens humanity physically, mentally, and morally. It annuls the influence of petty nothings, it clears the brain, it thrills one with joy and happiness. Under its natural exhilarating effects the cross and crabbed dyspeptic loses his ill-temper, and surprises his family with his kindness and good nature. The opinion has been held that high moral qualities must somehow be associated with weak bodily frames. The weaker the body the more it commands, the stronger the body the more it obeys. In bringing the body to its highest pitch of perfection, various moral qualities, the value of which it would be difficult to over-estimate, must necessarily be brought into play. The will-power is greatly increased. The man who has cultivated his body has also cultivated self-respect. Respecting himself he learns to respect others. He is also gentle. It is the weakling who is generally a bully and a tyrant. We cannot expect clean souls in dirty, uncared-for bodies. The words of David to Solomon, "Be thou strong and show thyself a man," are the words of an athlete, a former national champion, a pronounced warrior. Flabby muscles and flabby principles often go together. There should be a holy union between physical culture and Christianity.

Athletics rightly used are of the greatest possible use in cultivating moral strength, and there is, undoubtedly, an exuberance of animal health and spirits in most young men which, if it did not get an outlet in a healthy, natural, and beneficial way, would get it in unhealthy and evil ways. "Vice is just suppressed respiration." The pursuit of athletics and the practise of physical exercise encourages the formation and development of self-control, self-denial, temperance, and other high moral qualities. A beautiful body begets a beautiful mind, and the one is dependent on the other. Some philosophical writer says that there is no such thing as a red-cheeked criminal. He might have added that there is no such thing as a rosy-cheeked shrew. "Anything is better than the white-blooded, pale-faced deterioration to which we all tend," says Oliver Wendel Holmes. A sweet temper and perfect health generally go hand in hand. If we are healthy and strong, our minds will follow the example of our bodies, and be healthy and strong too. If we have grace and dignity in poise and deportment, our thoughts and actions will have grace and dignity likewise. Strangely enough, when a child reaches a certain age a parent's first thought is not how best to develop the child's body, but how and where to have the child's mind educated. And in nine cases out of ten the child's physical training is allowed to take care of itself. From the time a child can toddle, a system of physical education should be regarded as an urgent necessity, and as a basis of all other education. Proper mental development is impossible unless it is preceded and accompanied by physical development, and the younger the child the greater should be the

relative proportion of physical to mental training. What we should aim at is to perfect the whole man and the whole woman, and to train up the next generation so that they may be able to come through the struggles which they will be called upon to meet like gallant men and beautiful women. Herbert Spencer said twenty years ago that the inhabitants of this country take an interest in the rearing of the offspring of all animals except themselves. The object of physical culture is to raise the standard of the race as a whole. "Is there anything better in a state than that both men and women be rendered the best," said Plato. Sandow has said, "Everything must have its beginning, and unless we set about improving the physique of the present generation we cannot hope to benefit those coming after us." Surely, what we have done for the horse and the dog cannot be impossible of accomplishment in the case of man. At all events, it is worth trying. "Children should be given plenty of rope." They should romp, play, and train their muscles, and they will thereby store up strength and health, and acquire a habit of exercise that will endure through life. The body of a growing girl should be as unrestricted as the body of a growing boy. Parents should play with their children far more than most of them do. It is at the home and around the hearth that the greatest power of example is yielded. Parents are called upon pre-eminently to acquit themselves of a noble example. Due attention should be paid to full growth and expansion of the chest and lung region in children before the structure becomes firmly ossified. Agility is best acquired when young. The complete equipment of the Sandow system requires very little outlay, and affords all that is required. Sandow pays great attention to the chest region. His system is conducive to agility. The exercises are systematically arranged and designed to affect every muscle in the body without undue strain or fatigue, and the muscles of respiration have special attention. Concentration is vitally important, being the foundation of all success in life, both mental and physical; and, with Sandow's system, this desirable quality must be practised and developed. It is absolutely essential that systematic and scientific physical development be supplementary to the child's natural gambolling. When we exercise, eat, bath, sleep, dress, and live properly, then our powers become strong and healthy, and to evolve higher qualities becomes limitless.

Does a Large Nose Show a Great Character?

By R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.
Author of "Clues to Character," "The Human Face," etc., etc.

POPULAR "superstitions," as they are so often called, die hard; which, however, is not altogether surprising when it is borne in mind that most superstitions contain an element of fact about them. The difficulty always is to get people to seek the proverbial "grain" of truth; and the consequence is that, whilst some reject the wheat with the chaff, most persons swallow whatever is offered them in the way of catch-phrases and commonly received statements without troubling to enquire further into the matter, the result being that a host of misconceptions are entertained by the public at large on quite a variety of subjects.

A "low" type.

And this is especially true of the subject about which it has been decided that this paper shall treat. For, in spite of innumerable notable instances which point to a directly opposite conclusion, most of us will have it—without rhyme or reason—that a big nose means a big character. Indeed, so much have we been in the habit of connecting this member with signal ability that surprise is invariably expressed when it happens that the poor, offending possessor of a huge proboscis has the misfortune to fall short of the estimate which we had previously entertained of his powers and fails to justify our expectations.

Embryotic.

The fact is that a notion of this sort is a half-truth only; and, like many another half-truth, is responsible for the swallowing of a ton of error. The only pity of such half-truths is that they tend in time to shake the faith of the would-be believer, so that, after years of patient adherence to his cherished conviction, he finds after all that he has been misled—more or less—and forthwith asks himself, is there really, after all, any connection whatever between the dimensions of the nose and the character of the wearer?

Grecian type.

And is there? Evidently the great Napoleon thought there was; he asked for "a man with a nose"—and he saw that he got it—in Wellington! Let us see.

Considering the nose from a purely physiological point of view, we find it set apart for the performance of the somewhat important offices of *scent* and *respiration*; and further, it may be added, that according to its height, length, and width (which admit of expansion of the olfactory bulbs and the alæ, as in breathing) we are enabled to judge somewhat of the extent of these functions. In order

Snub-like.

to satisfy ourselves on this point we need but to betake ourselves to the school of Nature, the living examples of which will furnish the necessary evidence, if proof be sought.

But, so far as man is concerned, the nose would seem to be adapted to other ends besides those of scent and respiration.

Inquisitive.

The perfect nose is a most complex feature, and its construction reveals and illustrates the thoroughness with which Nature accomplishes her workmanship. The lower animals possess no nose worth mentioning; and even in the human embryo this feature approaches closely in form to that of a fish, comprising, as it does, two simple pits or holes in the face. The nose of the Tartar and of the Calmuk is very similar to this.

A good nose.

But whilst in infancy the noses of the human species assume a snub-like, diminutive form subsequently, and very gradually, but in distinct ratio with the evolution of the organism and of those tissues (muscular, cartilaginous and osseous) whose supremacy accompanies an accession of physical and mental force, this feature arrives in its growth at what we are accustomed to regard as the adult type—that is, rectilinear or aquiline, or approximately one or other of those types.

An athletic nose.

Now it is, perhaps, unnecessary to point out that whilst the human type of nose serves to distinguish that of man from the snout of the brute, a real end is subserved by the modification in the contour of the feature which is noticeable in mankind.

There are many reasons why the nose of a man should take the form which it ought, and mostly does. And when we come to consider some of these reasons, we can see more clearly how it is that the nose has come to be regarded as typical of "character"—or want of it.

Cheerful.

First of all, as we have seen, the evolution of the tissues of which the nose is composed bears a very marked relation to that of the physique; and as the physique conditions all mental manifestations, it is very evident that mind and body proceed hand in hand, and so that the shape of the nose must stand representative of mental, as well as bodily, states.

The fact is that, however excellent the "intellectual" endowments, or even the moral qualities, may be, without a sound, healthy body—and therefore a good nose and large nostrils,- which promise lung power and heart capacity —such are of little use or avail.

Animalised.

Whilst, therefore, it may be illogical to credit the nose with the functions which brain alone is qualified to fulfil, it is an indisputable fact that every man who turns his faculties to any practical purpose must needs have a good nose, for the simple reason that he must necessarily possess a fine circulatory system and such muscular and osseous endowments as will adapt him to make use of his powers.

A fine, prominent nose, therefore, will show a more practical, efficient, resolute, determined nature than a small, scooped-out nose. And such a feature will also testify that the brain is backed up by a fine supply of well-oxygenated blood, and has, therefore, a good foundation for its operations. Take the lungs away, and the brain,

Weak.

however excellent potentially, would be useless actually.

The nose of the congenital consumptive is pinched, thin and narrow, the nostrils are slit-like, and the tip raised but slightly from the plane of the cheeks; whereas the noses of all who are sound "of wind and limb" are wide, high, and long—such noses being the invariable accompaniment of a well-developed thorax and a solid, substantial visceral structure.

Melancholic.

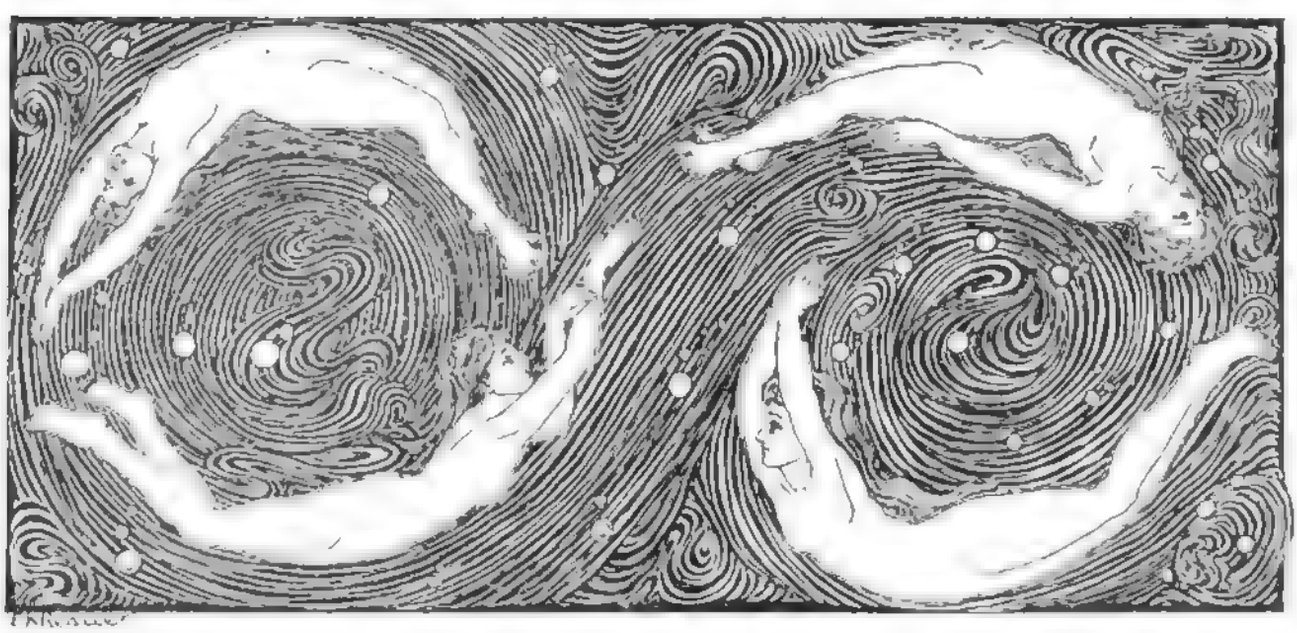
There are many other reflections to which nasal development gives rise in the thoughtful, such as, for instance, its assistance to one's utterances, as in the articulate speech of civilization.

But the nose is adapted to many of man's requirements, and as such is of the greatest possible importance in *all* respects.

And this is why a good nose carries such weight with it, and gives an air of dignity and force to the countenance on which it is fortunate enough to be seen.

Yes: unquestionably, "size of the nose is the measure of power—all else being equal."

Idiotic type.



Child Knowledge.

By HOWARD H. HELY, B.A.

IN these days of universal enquiry and research, when the institutions and ideas of the past can no longer plead their antiquity as a defence for their existence, it is not surprising that the minds of many are awakening to the fact that there exists an appalling ignorance among those who are responsible for the welfare of children. The daily papers furnish accounts of mothers overlying their children; of fathers having "conscientious objections" to separate cots; of children being fed with starchy food before Nature has given them the power of digesting it; of the adulteration of food for infants, notably of Demerara sugar with tin—the fruitful cause of diarrhœa and enteritis; and of hundreds of cases of measles being treated annually without medical advice, and the consequent deaths of numbers of children that would never have taken place had a doctor been summoned. The working classes, indeed, will tell you with pride that they give their infants what they take themselves.

Nor are the evils enumerated above the only kind to which a child is subjected. From its birth, and during its school days, it is often a victim to the general ignorance that prevails concerning the physical training of the body and the elementary laws of physiology and hygiene. Sometimes, alas, we even hear of cases of cruelty to children on the part of parents and others. Happily this aspect of child life has already received attention, and the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" is doing useful work in this direction. The increasing interest taken in physical culture is directing public attention to these errors in the physical training of children, and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when parents will ask themselves whether any amount of knowledge will compensate their children in after years for impaired digestions, impaired senses, crooked spines, and narrow, undeveloped chests that lay their possessors open to the onslaught of the dread scourge of consumption.

We hear much in these days of the commercial prosperity of some nations and the decline of others, and some are concerned for the commercial supremacy of England; but let us ever remember that the chief asset of a country is its healthy children. The prosperity of a country will not count for much in the long run if it keeps on rearing children to fill its asylums, its workhouses, its prisons, or to join the ranks of the neurotics and drones of society.

It seems strange that, hitherto, those concerned with children—the mother, the nurse, and the schoolmaster—should possess so little knowledge of the scientific care of children. And yet it can hardly be otherwise when there is no recognised teaching on the subject for responsible persons. Some magazines, no doubt, open their columns for the discussion of children's ailments, and books on their general treatment are increasing, while there are not wanting occasional lectures on subjects connected with childhood. I know of at least one Society which has for its object the moral and mental development of children, bu what I want to insist upon is that parents, nurses, and schoolmasters are

not compelled, as a matter of course, to acquire definite knowledge of those subjects which conduce to the physical well-being of children.

The average girl of the middle and upper classes is carefully instructed in the languages and literature of Modern Europe. She paints or plays some musical instrument, and most likely is proficient in golf: but she is never instructed in what is, after all, woman's special work, and for which Nature has intended her—the rearing and care of children. The girls of the working classes have more, perhaps, to do with children; but they, like their better placed sisters, enter the marriage bond without much knowledge on the subject.

If one more curious than his fellows inquiries why these things are so, he is met with the answer that women know by instinct what to do with babies when they get them. Do not the animals know what to do with their young, and why not the human mother? The obvious answer to this is, that facts prove she does not, or that circumstances are too hard for her. It is also to be observed that instinct is a provision of Nature for those who live in a state of nature, and not of civilization. As civilization blunts our sense of hearing and our eyesight, so also does it prevent our instinct from being a perfect guide.

Again, to take the case of the nurse, some of us choose her with less care than we choose our cook. If she seems honest, clean, and has had previous experience with children, we rest content and trust our children to her, without any enquiry as to her scientific knowledge of the care of children. And yet some proof of knowledge is generally required in most walks of life. The day will probably arrive when all who devote themselves to the work of nurses will be required to produce certificates of proficiency in their work. This is not an impossible aspiration, as, I believe, there is already in existence a school for the training of the more expensive class of nurses.

But the time comes when the child passes from the nurse into the hands of the schoolmaster. That the change is not always for the physical advancement of the child is only too true.

The trend of events would seem to indicate that the knowledge craze is passing away. We are beginning to learn that the acquisition of ill-digested knowledge is not the most important thing in life. Thoughtful men are realising that knowledge in excess of what the individual can assimilate or make use of may prove a hindrance or a positive evil; that even useful knowledge may be bought at too high a price, when health is sacrificed in its acquisition; that man in this world is composed of mind and body, and that to succeed in life and be of use to his fellows he ought to be, as a writer puts it,—"a good animal." Of what use is classical scholarship to a man if his unhealthy and morbid body makes him a drunkard? Let us remember that if we live to learn, we ought also to learn to live.

It has been suggested that schoolmasters should receive a medical training. However that may be, they at least should possess some knowledge of physical culture.

If we took a lesson from the children themselves, and commenced at the beginning in our scheme of physical culture, instead of with lads and men, the bodily vigour of the nation would gain thereby. But when we have realised that the foundation of health is laid in childhood, the next step is to take measures for bringing it about. The best way to do this would probably be to form a society for the promotion of child knowledge. Such a society could do an incalculable amount of good. It would probably take upon itself the spread of knowledge in its own peculiar subject by means of lectures, pamphlets, books, &c. It could arrange to distribute health cards in homes. It should educate public opinion and encourage girls over eighteen and young married women to attend lectures on the rearing of children and the elements of hygiene; and it ought

to make the masses feel that ignorance in such subjects among women is a disgrace. Some day, perhaps, every sensible man will insist on his future wife having a knowledge of these things. If the modern tendency is to look upon the woman who manages a home and children as occupying a position in no way inferior to the breadwinner, she ought to have a proper knowledge of her work. Again, such a society as I am imagining ought to promote children's exhibitions and grant prizes to the parents of the finest developed children, and certificates to those whose children had reached a certain standard of physical development. There would also be a useful field of work in experimenting upon food for children, and in protecting it from adulteration. Such a society would provide occupation peculiarly suitable for the vast number of educated women of leisure who have no definite object in life.

Finally, it might teach the women of all classes that, in the words of Dr. Kenealy, "no picture they can paint, no book they can write, no athletic or academic honour they can win, is worth mentioning in the same breath with the mothering of a noble, healthy, human child."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The increased circulation of "Sandow's Magazine" during the past few months, and the additional work entailed thereby, has necessitated the removal of the offices to our more commodious City Establishment at Basing House, 17 and 18, Basinghall Street, E.C., to which address, on and after October 1, 1903, all communications to the Editor and Advertisement Manager should be forwarded.

We also have to announce that after this month the publishing of the Magazine will be under the sole direction of the eminent firm of Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son, Temple House, Temple Avenue, E.C., whilst the printing of the same will be undertaken by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, His Majesty's Printers.

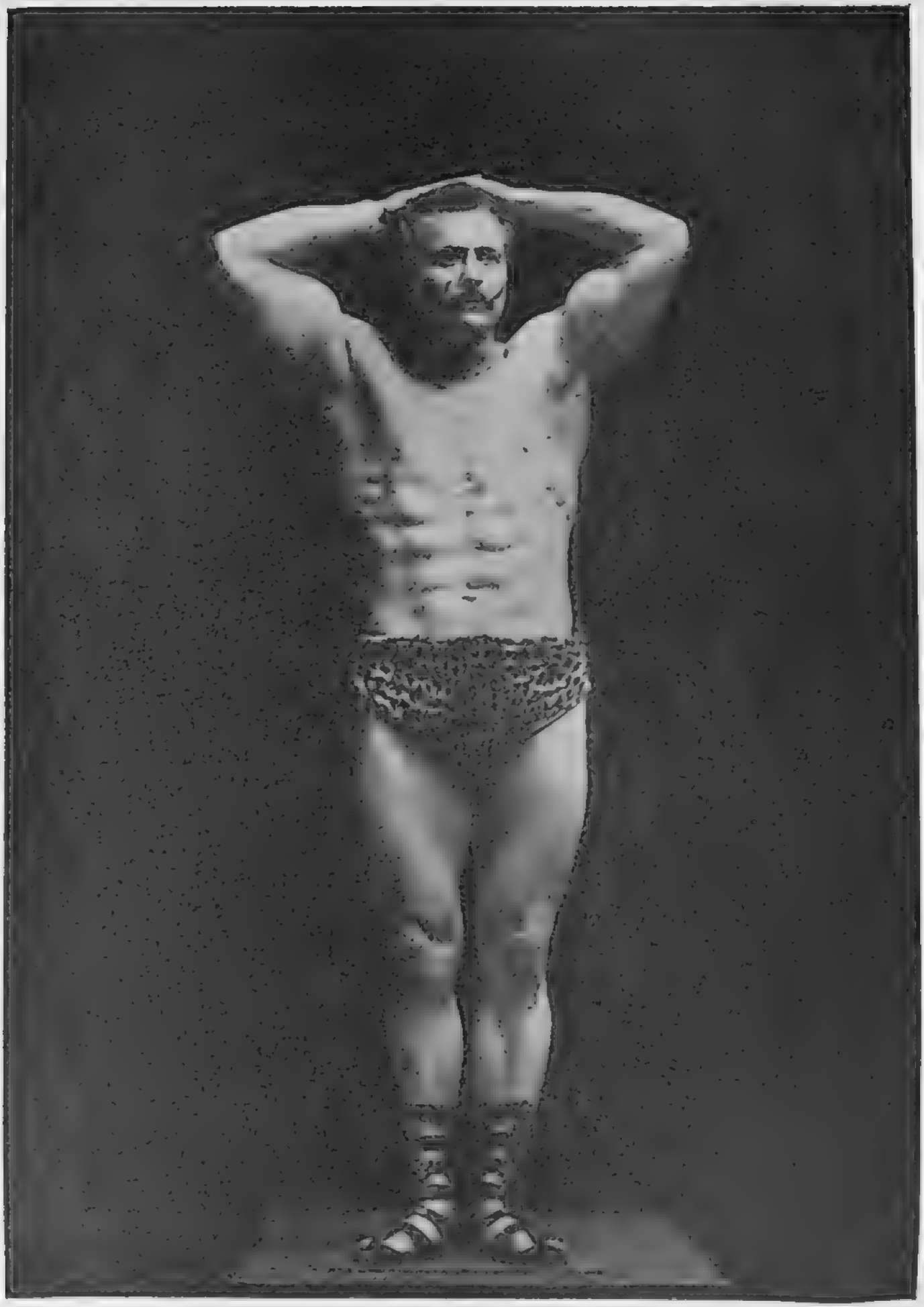
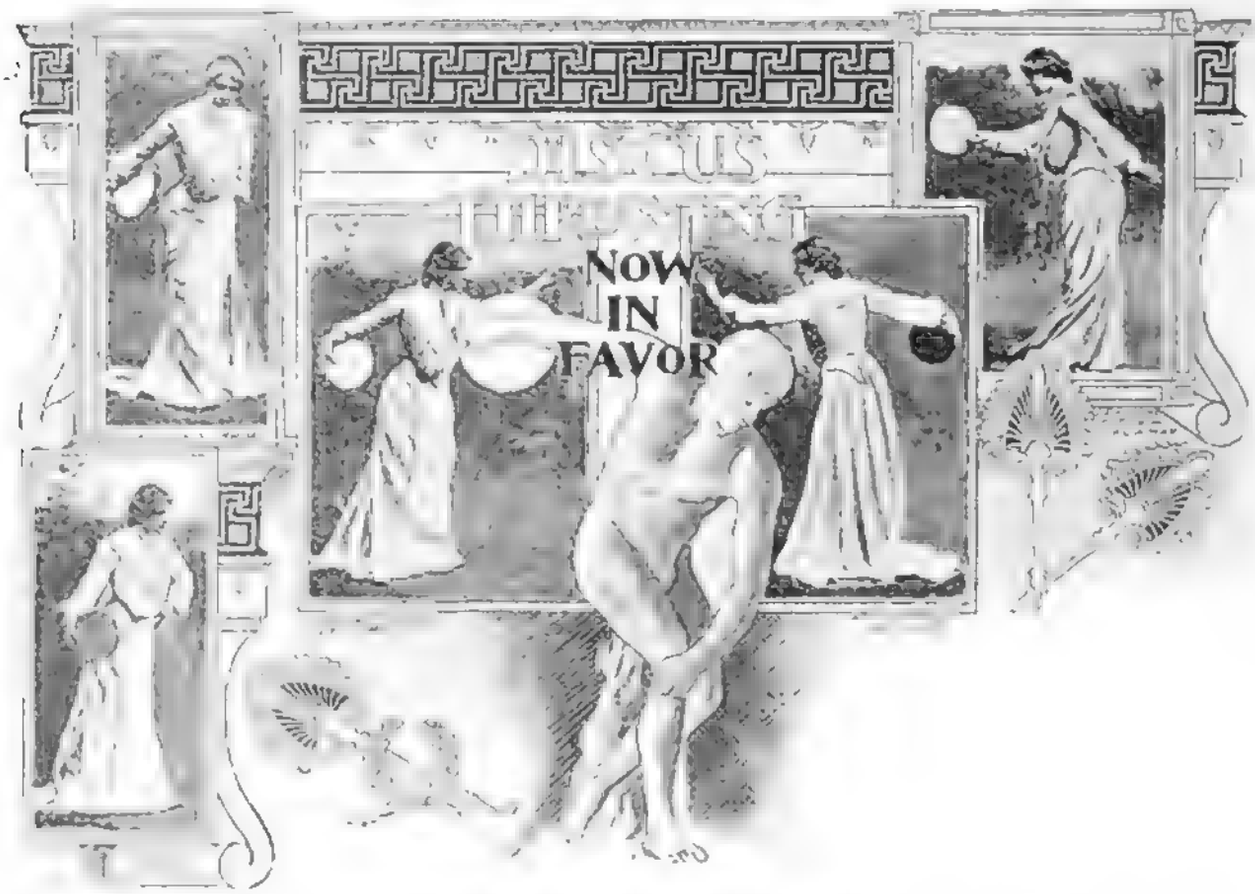


Photo., D. Bernard & Co., Melbourne.

A NEW SANDOW POSE (XXV).



(By permission of "The New York Herald.")

DISCUS - THROWING in its less strenuous form is now finding devotees among Society women.

The new game has equal advantages with ping-pong, besides it's an excellent means of acquiring grace and beauty of line, and then, too, it presents a very pleasing change from golf, tennis, and the latter's indoor equivalent.

In order to appeal to fair femininity, a new game, or an old one revived, must possess attractive features. Ping-pong owes its popularity to the fact that it can be played in a drawing-room, and women are not slow to realise the pictorial possibilities of any substitute. If discus-throwing, in its new guise, demanded a special costume, above all, either bloomers or a short-skirted blouse suit, its fate would have been sealed ere the first flat bit of metal had left the thrower's hand.

Women dislike the idea of dressing especially for any diversion, and they love to look attractive in different poses. With none of the usual feminine dampeners to spoil the career of the new fad, there is no reason why discus-throwing shouldn't prove a delightful and exciting diversion for all forms of entertainment during the coming season.

While the air is still free from frost discus-throwing contests will take place outdoors, but later on bowling alleys, billiard rooms, and long halls will be converted into discus fields.

No Classic Garb.

Though the fair contestants are not garbed in classic Greek or Roman draperies, they present a charming picture interpretation of the game in its up-to-date version. In our progress we seem always to turn at some time to a place from which we once started, or where we have been before. Discus-throwing was once the most popular amusement in beauty-loving antiquity, but somehow or other it became prosaic and went down-hill until it assumed the simple democratic game of quoits. This ancient diversion has

never lost its popularity, and is played probably in more countries than any other sport known to man.

In the last year and a half, the increased interest in athletics, especially in women's colleges, has brought discus-throwing back into favour, and promises to establish it as a universal fad. What probably called attention to it was the wonderful grace and power shown by the slender Greeks at the Pan-Collegian Olympian games in Athens. Here, in sight of the Acropolis, came the magnificent giants of the Western world, alongside of whom the slender swarthy Greeks were mere pigmies.

In racing, jumping, and shot-putting the former had no competitors, but when it came to the ancient Greek pastime of hurling the discus, the sons of Greece, to the surprise of everybody, carried off the prize. Inquiry developed the fact that the game in the little peninsula was a village institution, and that boys and girls, young and even old, would have a shy with a steel plate upon every available opportunity.

It was noticed, too, that the diversion gave a peculiar development to the muscles of the arm, shoulder, breast and waist, which was exceedingly symmetric and attractive. To throw the discus properly is more than a mere swinging of the arm or a twist of the wrist. It means the use of the entire body and the knack of putting all the latter's weight and strength into the iron circle as it leaves the hand when delivered. It demands in general the same co-ordination of the body as putting the shot, throwing the hammer and tossing the caber.

The chief difference is that the discus is always light, and, as far as women are concerned, can be made of hollow steel or aluminium, so as to render the muscular work a minimum. In fact, the tendency of every discus-thrower is to use as light and slender a discus as possible.

At the present time there has been no regulation discus appointed by any athletic authority, so that a dozen different types are in use. At one extreme is a ring, flat and thin, similar to a lightweight quoit, while at the other is a flat plate of metal and of teak-wood, twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. Each has its advantages and advocates. The heavy metal ones are the easiest to hurl, and involve the largest consumption of energy. The large, flat, light plates demand very little muscular strength, but are exceedingly difficult to project any distance on account of the resistance of the air the moment the plate rises or falls below the plane of projection.

With the heavy metal discus but little use is made of the wrist and fingers in order to give it a twist. The slightest pressure of the forefinger held against a nick or flat edge will impart enough motion of rotation to keep it in the same plane from delivery to descent.

For pianists and women with weak fingers and wrists the light, flat plate is better from a hygienic point of view than the heavy compact steel or iron disc. It has been suggested by a New York woman's college that a hollow steel or aluminium plate would give the advantages of the two types and conform to what might be termed a regulation size. Brass and copper should never be used. No matter how bright and burnished these may be at the beginning of a match they become moistened from the perspiration of the hand or from the dampness of the grass. This in turn sets up superficial oxidation and creates a thin film of oxide, which, if it enters the system through an abrasion in the skin of the hand, is likely to produce sores. An enthusiastic discobolos, the founder of the New York Disc-Throwing Club, Miss Alice Johnson, in speaking of her hobby, said :—

"I took up disc-throwing partly for the sake of exercise and partly for sociability. Indian clubs and dumb-bells are good things, but they are not conducive to conversation or a good time.

"The hurling of a disc is a pretty sight,

and everybody who sees it wants to do likewise. As the plate shoots through the air it suggests the flight of a bird, and, besides that, there is always the element of rivalry among those present when the throwing occurs.

"Every thrower must run after her own disc, so that half an hour devoted to the pastime is as good for the locomotor muscles as for those of the arm and chest. I noticed, too, at the beginning that the exercise was a benefit not only to the muscles but also to the lungs and waist. The long sweep of the arm caused the chest to expand to its utmost, and communicated a sympathetic action to the intercostals, which are almost always neglected in the physical training of women.

"A month or two after this I perceived that, while the diversion never tired me, it was gradually hardening the various muscles employed without producing any unsightly curves or knots. I think I can safely say that a half-hour a day devoted to the use of the disc will increase the strength of the arms 50 per cent. in a month, and of the body 10 per cent.

FOR SLENDER ARMS.

"Where it is of particular benefit is for young women whose arms are too slender in proportion to the body. The change it makes in such cases is simply wonderful. The wrist hardens and shrinks so as to be smaller, and the forearm increases rapidly in a long tapering curve upward, culminating in a beautiful swell at the elbow. Both the biceps and triceps are enlarged so as to make a symmetrical continuation of the forearm, and an angular shoulder is soon covered with a well-rounded and healthful muscular tissue. A bony neck is improved, and the hollow between the neck and the collar-bone is quickly filled up.

"I can easily understand why the Greek girls, who were such lovers of beauty, preferred this to all other games. The same amount of time spent upon any exercise would result in twice as much improvement when discus-throwing was used than upon any other sport. I believe in all exercises, such as basket-ball, tennis, golf, fencing, riding and rowing, but to each there is some serious drawback, and in nearly all the muscular improvement is partial, and often one-sided; but with discus-throwing I can find no drawback whatever, and the benefit is distributed over the entire physical frame."

Modern Vikings.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

THE ancient Viking is no more, though the fame of the fierce Norseman and the story of his wild and reckless life still lives in Scandinavian lore and saga. Of what temper are his descendants, his modern representatives, and how far do they maintain the traditions of their mighty forbear?

Iceland, the great remote island of the northern Atlantic, was of old, as the splendid epics of the Icelandic bards record, a stronghold of the Vikings. In so distant and isolated a land it might reasonably be hoped that the present race would retain, to an especial degree, the stern virtues of the heroic age. And, speaking from personal experience, the present writer can testify that in the matter of vigour, hardiness, dauntless seamanship, and carelessness of the elements' wrath, the modern Icelander—of the coast, at all events—in no way disgraces the memory of his ancestors.

Photo., A. E. Johnson.]
COMING ALONGSIDE A TRAWLER.

Inland, Iceland possesses pasture lands and agricultural districts of sufficient richness to maintain the peasantry on the soil. The coast, however, offers no such natural advantages. The northern shores are ice-bound, and even though a less rigorous state of affairs obtains in the south during the summer, the shore, volcanic in nature—composed, indeed, of lava from the volcanoes which form so remarkable a feature of Icelandic geology—is bare and desolate. Consequently it is from the sea that the coast dwellers have to reap their harvest. To them the opening up of the Iceland fisheries, some score of years ago, has been a boon inestimable, bringing them into touch, through the trawlers, with civilization, and bettering their condition, while not releasing them from the Spartan rigour of their daily mode of life, or depriving them of the many excellent qualities springing therefrom.

Formerly, the peasantry on the coast, wretchedly poor, and grievously oppressed—if report speak truly—by a tyrannous government, were obliged to rely solely upon their own exertions for the bare living which they wrested from the sea. The principal—indeed, the only—industry was the curing of the cod caught with lines from open boats. Fish-curing is a process which requires a combination of warm sun and cold atmosphere, such as can only be obtained in northern latitudes.

The industry is an important one in the Orkney and Shetland archipelago, and in Iceland, during the brief summer months, the climate is ideal for the purpose.

Photo., A. E. Johnson.]
ICELANDERS TAKING A CARGO OF REFUSE FISH FROM A TRAWLER.

On the beach, then, the coast Icelander cured the fish which, at the expense of much arduous labour and exposure, he forced the sea to yield up to him. It was a severe life (in winter sometimes the fish freezes into a solid lump as it falls on the deck), rendered not the less difficult by the disadvantages under which the produce thus hardly won was disposed of. Cured fish has always been a principal export of Iceland, but to the poor peasant, destitute of capital, the only market open was the immediate one offered by the store-keeper of the local township. From this middleman he received payment in kind, needless to say on terms much to the benefit of the wily tradesman.

The advent of the trawlers changed all this. In every bag of fish that a trawler hauls up there must be of necessity a number of fish either too small, or of varieties too coarse, for home consumption. These are thrown aside by the deck-hands as they proceed with the task of gutting the catch, and would, but for the Icelanders, be pitched overboard as rubbish. But herein lies the Icelander's opportunity. All is fish to him that is rejected by the more particular skipper of the trawler. Consequently, when a trawler is at work in the offing, he lays aside his cod lines, and putting out in his curiously-shaped open craft, makes his way with oar and sail across the intervening three miles and more of water. Pulling alongside, he climbs on board and enters into negotiations with the skipper. The latter is only too glad to get rid of the waste fish, and in exchange for whisky (imported), cigars (of nameless brand, flavour, and aroma), lager beer (bottled in Reykjavik) and even articles of home manufacture, such as knitted mittens, slippers of sheep or seal

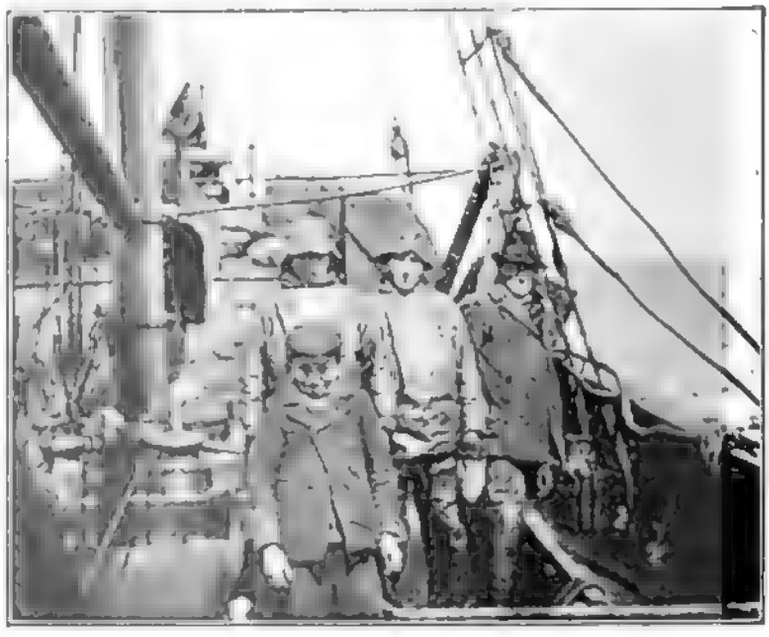


Photo., A. E. Johnson.]
COAST ICELANDERS ON BOARD AN ENGLISH TRAWLER.

skin, &c., the Icelander is at liberty to carry off as big a cargo from the rejected part of the trawler's catch as his boat can carry.

A picturesque figure is the coast Icelander as he climbs, dripping, from his peculiar craft aboard the trawler. Clad from head to foot in loose jacket and trousers of horse-skin—worn with the hair inside—pulled over rough garments of homespun, with his clear complexion, fair hair and beard, and the piercing blue eyes that glance so keenly from beneath the rough sou'wester fashioned out of horse or sheep skin, his looks proclaim his Norse descent. But not in looks alone does he show himself a true son of the old sea-kings. He thinks nothing of remaining at sea for twenty-four hours or more at a stretch in his open boat, driving sleep away by the free use of copious pinches of pungent snuff; while to see his craft, so loaded down with fish as to leave but an inch or so of free-board, starting homeward for a voyage of three miles or more to the shore, under mainsail, topsail, foresail, and jib, with the crew—their long oars thrust far out to make additional ballast—sitting well over on the weather side to keep her trim, and baling out the water for dear life as she flies before the wind, is to witness a spectacle not easily forgotten.

Photo., A. E. Johnson.]

A CREW OF ICELANDERS SETTING SAIL FOR HOME.

When Æolus is unpropitious, the Icelander has recourse to his oars as a means of propelling his craft. A pair of rowers sits on each of the three thwarts, the boats being thus transformed, as it were, into a treble sculler pulled by six men. The oars are long, square-hewn inboard, and possessing very long and narrow blades, scarcely mounting to more than a planing and flattening of the end of the timber. The curious result is that at a short distance the crew appears to be rowing with straight poles.

Such a life of exposure and toil induces, it may be imagined, fine physique. The men bear the marks of it, too, upon their weather-beaten countenances. Their hands, however, are remarkable. One might reasonably expect to find a horny palm hardened to rough usage. But the Icelander performs all his work, in summer as well as winter, with his hands muffled in thick homespun mittens (fingerless, like a baby's glove), with the result that his hand, when withdrawn, is white and delicate as a woman's; a strange contrast to the other members of his stalwart frame.

With his cargo of small or refuse fish, the Icelander makes the best of his way to the shore, where he hands over the spoil to his family for speedy curing on the beach, himself setting out upon another cadging expedition. Since no fish comes amiss to him—be it codling, skate, coal-fish, dog-fish, or lump-sucker—it is evident that in this way his time is more profitably employed than when he had solely his own anglin exertions

to rely upon. In default of a better cargo, the Icelander, rather than let his journey to a trawler prove fruitless, will even take away a load of cods' heads, these forming, when dried and pounded up, a nutritive fodder for the shaggy Iceland ponies ashore. When no trawlers are within reach, recourse is had once more to the old practice of fishing for cod with lines; but the business of barter is the more remunerative by far. As a matter of fact, this intercourse between Icelanders and trawlers is viewed with not a little suspicion and dislike by owners at home; the latter fearing lest valuable fish be thus lost to them. Such fears, however, are generally ill-founded; for no skipper worthy of his trust (the more especially since he is usually a part sharer in the profits of the trip) would knowingly part with fish that could command a price in the home market. And, on the other hand, the removal of fish that would otherwise be thrown overboard to rot on the bottom and spoil the grounds by driving the fish away, is no light boon. Rumour has it that objections are also raised by the well-to-do Icelanders—traders, storekeepers, and the like—who formerly bartered upon the evil plight of the poor man, and who view with selfish disapproval the increased prosperity which the intercourse with the trawlers has brought to him. The writer, indeed, was told that the Icelandic Parliament had even gone so far as to pass a law prohibiting their own people from holding communication with strange trawlers, but that the Danish Government had quashed the measure.

At all events, the Icelander of the coast deserves success. Worthy descendant of a strenuous race, he works hard for his living, and makes full use of the thews and sinews with which nature has endowed him. Sloth he abhors, wherein lies to his credit at least one cardinal virtue.

Photo., A. E. Johnson.]

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The Rugby Outlook.

AN APPEAL FOR REFORMATION IN BRITISH FOOTBALL.

By W. T. A. BEARE.

IT is daily becoming more evident that we of the British race and nation must look to our ways. Whether we consider the matter of fiscal policy, of army management, of commercial methods, or any phase or sphere of modern national activity, we find that, even if we are not actually losing ground, the position of affairs is such as to cause serious concern to the more thoughtful and less hide-bound and conservative of our great captains of industry, of thought and of national government.

Even so is it in our games. True, there are bright spots for the memory to dwell upon: Doherty has returned in triumph from America, unquestioned champion of the world at lawn tennis; and in some few other sports we may fairly claim to be at or near the top. But the sad fact remains that, where formerly we were almost without a rival, now, not merely are there numerous contestants for supremacy, but many of these have incontestibly proven themselves our superiors at our own favourite games.

To stand still, we have often been told, is to recede; and it is patent enough that we have lost ground, have fallen back in the race for honours, because we have been too self-satisfied to think it necessary to push forward, too incredulous of the possibility of rivalry, and too lethargic in awakening to the necessity of renewed effort.

We have played the game well, whatever it has been, in the past, with all the thoroughness and whole-heartedness that are characteristic of our race. When others have imitated us we have encouraged them with an amused kind of tolerance, never dreaming that they could approach near to our greatness. They, recognising that we were really great, and perhaps impressed not a little with our supreme self-confidence in the fact, plodded on in our wake, striving with might and main to emulate us. Meanwhile we rested on our oars, stood still—in sport as in business, and, as in larger matters of national concern, with the obvious consequences which we now have to face. Are we to remain stationary and see others go far ahead? That is the question of the hour.

Here I leave the larger questions to the statesman, the philosopher and the business man, and come back to my immedate theme, to sport, to Rugby football.

First of all let me say that, whilst a great deal of what follows will be in relation chiefly to England as distinct from the other countries of the United Kingdom, yet the generalisations I have so far indulged in and a great deal of the argument yet to 'come have significance for the rest of the members of the Union as well. But of that anon.

In Rugby football England is the least progressive of the four home countries. That is proven by results, and it is obvious enough to one who has for years past watched all four play. We have been slowest to think out improved methods for ourselves, slowest to adopt the tactics invented by others and ound to be effective. Yet we have such

advantage as there may be in numbers of clubs and players to draw from. Numbers do not count for much, however, in our games. It is not as in war, where we may wear down a more alert enemy by sheer force, by pouring thousands upon thousands into the field to meet and in time overwhelm his modest hundreds; we are limited to an equal number with our opponents, and victory rests with the side which combines most effectually the physical and intellectual qualities required to produce excellence in our modern games. Which line of argument leads us inevitably to the conclusion that the English players of Rugby football are lacking, as compared with the Scots, the Welsh, and the Irish, either in physique or in the necessary mental equipment. Well, it is not in muscular development that we are wanting!

Wake up, England! Let your slow brain have a little exercise so that it may throw off the clogging accumulations of obsolete ideas, the dust of centuries, or at least of a generation or so, which have so long impeded its machinery. Do some hard thinking and so become more capable of thinking hard—and well! Revise your methods! Consider whether other and better ways of playing the game are not possible! Do not be content merely to imitate those who first took you as an exemplar and then thought for themselves and went ahead; think for yourself, and see if developments even beyond anything yet existing are not within your power to evolve! Strive hard to take the van once more, instead of remaining contentedly back amongst baggage wagons!

Let us examine now a little more in detail the differences, both in regard to prevalent conditions and methods followed, between England and the rest—Scotland, Ireland, Wales. England, as I have said, has by far the largest number of clubs. That, however, is not necessarily an advantage as telling for efficiency in the national fifteen. Just observe the distribution of our clubs:—

There is a group in the far north-east—Rockcliff, Sunderland, Newcastle Northern, Hartlepool Rovers, Percy Park and a few others; these play amongst themselves, and, except for an occasional tour, rarely go outside their own borders, though there are, I believe, a few matches with the more accessible of Yorkshire clubs.

The Yorkshire group is largely self-contained also. The clubs are not quite equal to the county's best a few years ago, prior to the formation of the Northern Union, but still reach a fair average of strength. Pretty much the same description applies to the Lancashire-Cheshire group.

Then there are the Midland teams, Leicester foremost of them, Coventry, Rugby, Burton, and if we include the East Midlands, Northampton and Bedford. I leave out the Birmingham clubs for the moment, to return to them presently. The leading members of this group, Leicester particularly, approximate in style more closely than others to the West of England and Welsh methods, by reason of the fact that they frequently interchange visits with clubs in those districts.

In the West of England are to be found, to my thinking, the strongest English clubs, in Devonport Albion, Bristol and Gloucester, with others in Devon and Cornwall not far behind. Constant interchange of matches with Welsh clubs has had the effect of bringing them almost, if not quite, on a level with the best clubs in Wales. The Somerset style of play is peculiar to itself, only partially resembling the general Western method in regard to back play, and excelling in a more forceful, rushing kind of forward attack.

Last of all come the clubs of London and Birmingham. Although in each case the leading representatives of these cities play the foremost of both their own and other districts, there is an essential difference in their habits which places them in a class by themselves. Whilst individually the exponents of the game, both in London and in

Birmingham, have decided physical advantages and natural capability, the play on the whole is less homogeneous, less practised, and therefore less consistently effective. In addition to the fact that in smaller towns and cities the facilities for regular practice, *esprit de corps*, and the influence of local public opinion are all greater than in the case of the cities, here also there is a multiplicity of other attractions which tend to keep men from concentrating their minds so exclusively on the desirability of excellence on the football field and prevent them from making opportunities for devising plans of concerted action after the fashion observed in those less considerable places where the game flourishes most strongly.

Here then in England we find a number of more or less segregated groups, whose styles vary exceedingly; yet when the International team is chosen it is not unusual to find every group represented by some one or more players. How can we hope, under such conditions, to successfully contend with the highly finished scientific play of the Welsh, or with the absolutely homogeneous style of the Scots and the Irish? In Wales the clubs are located all in one part of the Principality and all play the same style of game; in Scotland the public school element is the dominant feature, and again the same style, based generally on the Welsh, with variations in regard to the forwards' efforts, prevails; and in Ireland also the team is chosen from a few clubs who observe the same methods, and moreover are composed generally of men who are well-trained athletes.

Until the English Union perceives the necessity of selecting its teams with a view to uniformity, and acts upon its perception, we shall always be at a disadvantage in opposing the other International sides, no matter how good our men may be in their own way.

Having pointed out why it is, as I think, that England generally makes the worst show amongst our unions at home, I would draw attention now to the fact that a composite British team has been sustaining reverses in South Africa. As is so frequently pointed out with regard to the visits of English cricketers to Australia, it is almost impossible for us to send out our absolutely best team; but it must be admitted that the side which is now touring in South Africa is a strong and fairly representative one—one that would be regarded as good enough to meet any team that might be chosen from those left at home. Yet they have, at the moment of writing, sustained seven defeats. Some of them, it is true, were suffered before they had fairly got their land legs; but the fact remains that they have several times been beaten, and apparently for the most part on their merits.

It would therefore seem that even the best of our players have still something to learn. It is possible, of course, to argue that had a wholly Welsh team, club or international, played the conquerors of the composite side from these shores there would be a different tale to tell. But that is mere surmise, and the extent of the scoring on the part of the victors on some occasions, as well as the nature of the play shown, has been such as to convince good critics who have witnessed or played in the games that the South Africans are quite capable of holding their own against the very best the Old Country can pit against them.

We are told that another team—not of Maoris this time—is about to visit us from New Zealand. Well, they will be welcome, and if report be true, they should teach us something. Indeed the heralds of the team declare that their science excels even our much-vaunted Welsh play. They do not slavishly follow the old methods. They have, in fact, done just what I have earlier suggested English players should do—thought out variations in modes of attack and defence for themselves, and have apparently brought their play to a very high pitch of excellence. They have fewer forwards who have special

methods of formation and opportunities for the display of a greater amount of skill than under the old style, and the arrangement of their backs is altogether different. There are "flying" forwards (wing men), half-backs, five-eights and three-quarters; and these all back each other up and play to each other in an extremely clever way—according to the accounts which come from New Zealand.

The laudation of the Colonial writers may, of course, be exaggerated; but we have suffered so much in recent times from our inveterate tendency to underrate the strength of the enemy that we would do well not to too readily assume that the descriptions sent us are over-coloured and too highly flattering. We should make every effort this season to put our house in order, to arrive at a specific and uniform method, and to see that the items of our forces are individually thoroughly trained and capable of acting in complete harmony one with another and altogether. Only in this way can we do ourselves justice against the friendly foes here at home or be prepared for the invasion of our antagonistic cousins from afar. If there are lessons to be learnt from the strangers, when they come, let us keep our eyes and our minds open to learn them.

Girls' Physique.

CONSIDERABLE correspondence has recently been inserted in the daily press on the subject of the "Deterioration of Women," some of it interesting, but the majority of a worthless character, many of the correspondents losing sight entirely of the real cause of physical degeneracy and its remedy. The columns of "The Daily Telegraph" have been thrown open to the discussion, and, in reply to the many letters therein inserted, I wrote the following letter to the Editor of that journal, most of which he was good enough to publish :—

To the Editor,
"Daily Telegraph."

Dear Sir,—I have stood as long as I could the worthless and absurd expressions from some of your correspondents regarding the deterioration of physique in the average British girl, and am compelled at last to give utterance to my opinion on the subject. It positively makes my heart bleed to read such statements as those which you have published recently from people who by their own words are condemned and proved utterly ignorant of the subject on which they treat. It is such people as these who are largely responsible for the present state of things. This ignorance in dealing with the children of the poorer classes, both as to exercise and diet, is only too apparent, and before any distinct improvement can be brought about, the authority must be constituted of men and women able to treat with knowledge of the work upon which they are engaged. How lamentable is their ignorance is proved by the recent report of the Scottish Commission, and which can only be repeated by the new National Commissioners who are shortly to sit. The result of my experience teaches me that, in addition to the two necessities fo a perfect physique, whether for boys or girls, as recommended by "Sydenham," the Father of English medicine, viz. : fresh air and exercise, must be added the question of diet, which I would prefer to deal with later on.

So far as exercise is concerned, I would like to say that the theory set out by "Gymnastic Teacher," which is attributed to Petter Henrik Ling, who was born in the middle of the eighteenth century, comes nearest to the truth.

Your correspondent's claims are admirable, and I humbly endorse them, speaking generally, but I am afraid the claims for Ling are more than Ling ever claimed for himself when living. Ling never left a complete exposition of his system—only fragments—and consequently the interpretation has depended largely upon the training and temperament of his disciples. I think rather that the credit of the successful application of real physical culture should be given to some later teacher.

I will deal next with "Iconoclast," who says, "What is the use of attempting to 'train' a 'weed' by any form of physical exercise?" What an expression! Further, that diet with fresh air is the great thing to bring about an improvement in the national physique. Diet and fresh air are not alone sufficient. There must be systematic exercise. He says, "Physical exercise can, and does, improve only that which already exists." But why only physical culture? That applies to everything; perhaps not least to his own remarks which do exist.

In reply to "Enquirer," I would say that it is admitted on all hands that in the case of the upper and middle classes common-sense is at least beginning to operate, and that there is a lending towards the proper culture of the body. It is therefore mainly to the poor mother that we should pay our attention. I cannot agree with him. You must go beyond the parents whose lives are spent in labour under unwholesome conditions. Let us begin with the children. I do not believe it is always the case of being underfed which causes this degeneracy, but rather the nature of the food which the poorer classes feed upon. It is not so much a matter of quantity. At all events, the same quantity of properly selected, and what is equally essential, properly cooked, food would work wonders. To give you an example: The poor have, for instance, become imbued with the idea that unless bread, and the flour from which it is produced, is of a specific whiteness, that it is necessarily of an inferior quality.

The lamentable ignorance of those responsible for the training of the younger generation of the poor is astounding. This applies to all, from the highest to the lowest concerned.

The Scottish Commission have, by their Report, condemned the whole of the existing system in schools.

So far as the teachers are concerned, we have only to take an excerpt from the remarks of the London School Board lady whom you interviewed and who prefers not to disclose her identity. That she, of all others, should make expressions as she does is remarkable. For instance, a "few simple physical exercises should precede *the morning bath*" (the italics are mine). The morning bath! What a grand subject for treatment by my late friend, poor Phil May. The Morning Bath!! And this she recommends for the purpose of improving the physique of the poorer classes.

We have much to learn from America, I agree, but not on physical culture, and certainly not through the words of Miss Edith Kanger. We have only to turn to the remarks of the recent Scottish Commission which condemned the American system in unmistakable terms.

Now, having given you my pound of theory, I propose to throw in as its equivalent an ounce of practice.

Your correspondents condemn the bun-shop lunch; so do I, and now let the mountain in labour give birth to even the smallest of mice. I suggest that, after all this talk, we make a small beginning. Let us as a test provide the lady clerks and typists in the City with a wholesome and sustaining lunch at a price within their means, and opportunities for mild and rational exercise. Let this take the form of clubs if you like. To show that I am in real earnest, I offer to head any subscription list with the sum of £50 (fifty pounds) to gain that end. I may incidentally mention that at my City establishments I have already organised such a scheme that works well. The lady clerks and typists are provided with a well-cooked hot meat luncheon for the sum of sixpence per day, and have the opportunity also of availing themselves of taking physical exercise, which they are not slow to do.

The excellent results are apparent. And now, having had my say, let us bustle along in contemplation of the report of the National Committee, so that when the fiat does come, as I suppose it eventually will, we may have our house in order ready to set about obtaining the much needed reform.

I remain,

Yours, etc,

NOTES of THE MONTH

Dear Sir,—I enclose some photos which may interest you, any or all of which you are at liberty to publish. I also enclose one which might do for your "Sporting" page (the combined dive). This is not for the Competition. It was taken at the Highgate bathing pond, and I should like the people who are talking about "physical degeneracy" to come up some morning and see some of the specimens of "muscular Christianity" we have there. We have a large variety of development apparatus, including your grip dumb-bells and developers, and they are well used. The muscular young gentleman whose photos I enclose, is one of our all-the-year-round bathers, Mr. Ben Applebee. He is 20 years of age and his measurements are as follows :—Height, 5 ft. 5 ins.; weight, 9 st. 5 lbs.; chest, 38½ ins.; biceps, 12½ ins.; forearms, 11 ins.; thighs, 20 ins.; calf, 14 ins.—I am, yours truly,

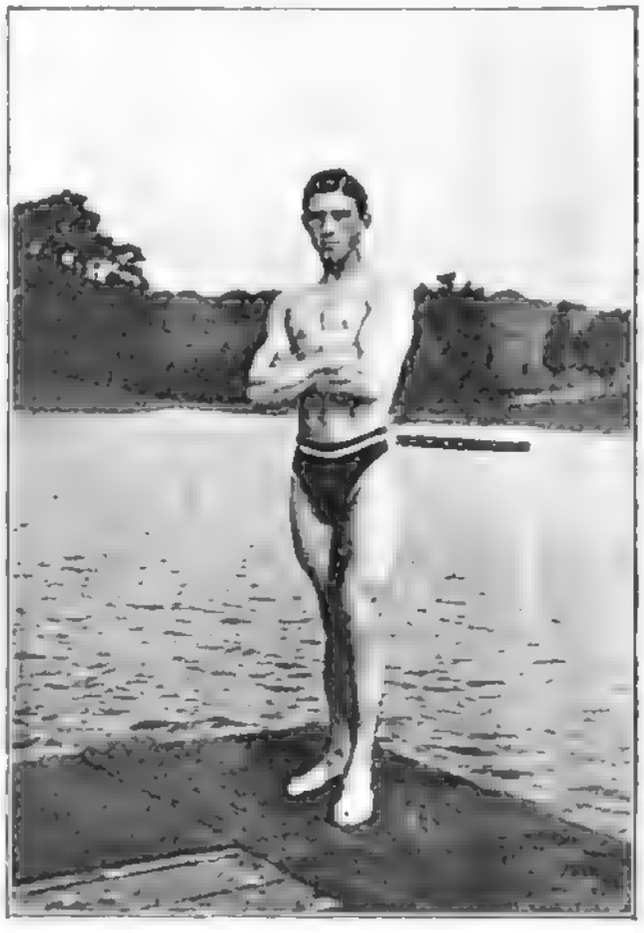
W. EDWARD WEBB.

London, N.W.

* * *

The Grasmere Gathering.

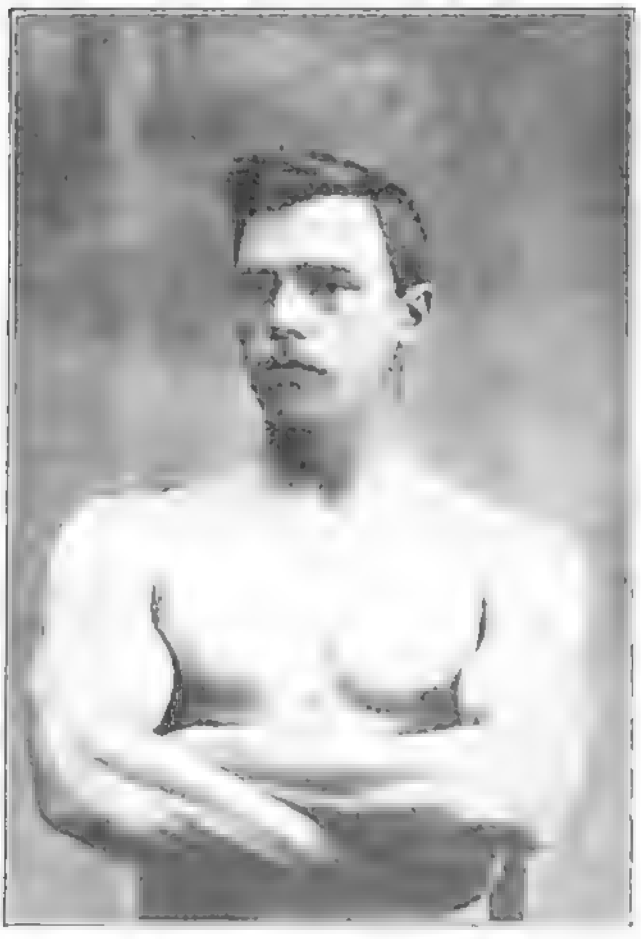
This classic meeting had the good luck to be brought off without the interference of the rain, which has, during this summer (?), done so much to spoil athletic gatherings. The heavy-weight wrestling, from which the present champion, Hexham Clarke, was an absentee, fell to Matthew Steadman, the son of George Steadman, for many years champion of England. Jack Strong and Bowman, of Penrith, between whom the issue was expected to lie, being both blown-out, that is, disqualified, because the judge was of the opinion that the fall had been arranged between them. Wat. Hodgson, a giant of some nineteen stone, secured second prize,



B. APPLEBEE.

the brawny Steadman felling him with very little trouble. Tom Kennedy, with his twenty-eight years of active wrestling, also fell before the ultimate winner. Harry Fisher, of

Harras Moor, once more won the light-weight champion's belt, felling his opponents in his usual clever and attractive style.



J. BROWNING (*Kimberley*).

Studholme, who wrestled up to Hexham Clarke two years, gave a grand exhibition of wrestling before being finally disposed of by his opponent, Jack Strong, to whom he was conceding more than five stone. Crosthwaite, of Kendal, and Scott, of Carlisle, also showed excellent form. The Guides' race, up Silverhow and back, about three miles, was again won by Murray, of Falstone; the time, 15 mins. 6½ secs., being a lot behind what the winner can accomplish when he is at all hard pressed. The Hound Trail again commanded a large entry, and the enthusiastic interest of every North Country spectator on the ground that loves a dog, which is to say, every one; the winner being Roguery. The wet state of the ground naturally interfered considerably with the jumping, yet Forfar, of Ambleside, cleared 10 ft. in the pole leap, and Walters made 19 ft. 6 ins. in the broad jump. In spite of the threatening weather, nearly six thousand people were on the ground—a respectable number, considering that the nearest railway station is close upon ten miles away.

* * * *

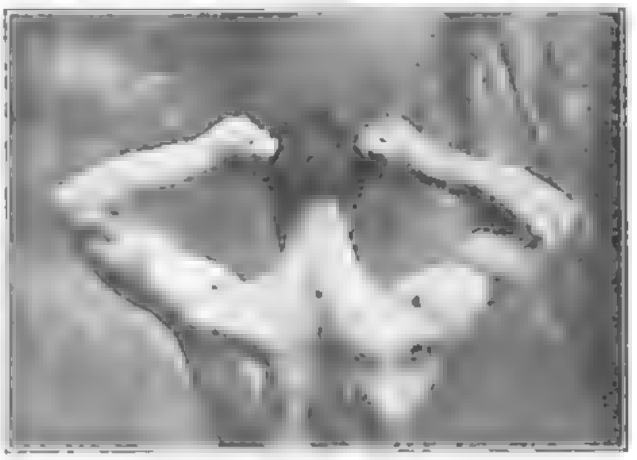
Some Artistic Dives.

I am indebted to Mr. Ernest Hill, of Kensington, for the interesting series of dives appearing in another part of this month's Magazine. Most of them were taken at the recent competitions at Highgate Ponds, organised by the Amateur Diving Association, the remainder comprising photographs of Professor Fox, taken at Sandown, Isle of Wight, Horace Mew, a well-known Isle of Wight swimmer, and my contributor, taken at the Serpentine.

* * *

Beaconsfield, nr. Kimberley.
South Africa.

Dear Sir,—It was my intention to enter two photos of myself in the Competition advertised in your Magazine, but find I am too late. I send them on, however, to show you that Mr. Sandow has followers even in the Diamond Fields. I have followed the Sandow system since the end of December, 1898, on and off—that is, I could



J. BROWNING (*Kimberley*).

not keep it up owing to my taking up arms, and then started in earnest again after the war. I was no better when I started after the war than in 1898, as I had roughed it with the others on column, being on poor rations more often than not. I was one of the first to introduce the Sandow exercises in Kimberley, and there are quite a few young men who have done equally as well as myself. I enclose my measurements before training and after :—

MEASUREMENTS.

	Before Training.	After.
Chest	36 inches.	42½ inches.
,, (expanded) ...	37 ,,	45 ,,
Neck	14½ ,,	15¾ ,,
Upper right arm ...	12 ,,	15¾ ,,
,, left ,, ...	11½ ,,	15¼ ,,
Forearm, right... ...	11 ,,	12½ ,,
,, left	10¾ ,,	12 ,,
Waist	30 ,,	30½ ,,
Thigh, right	20½ ,,	23 ,,
,, left	20 ,,	22½ ,,
Calf, right	14 ,,	15½ ,,
,, left	14 ,,	15⅛ ,,
Height	5 ft. 5 ins.	5 ft. 5½ ins.
Weight	140 lbs.	158 lbs.

Wishing your Magazine every success.—I am, etc.

JAS. BROWNING.

* * *

Sir,—As an ardent follower of your splendid system, I take the liberty of forwarding herewith three photographs of myself taken last week, which if you deem of sufficient merit I should like to see whichever you may select inserted in your Magazine. I may add that since starting your exercises I have wonderfully improved myself from a physical point of view.—I have the honour to be, sir, &c.,

F. W. SMITH, Sergeant,
Glamorgan Constabulary.

* * *

National Training and National Physique.

The following interesting letter from Mr. George F Shee, the secretary of the National Service League, appeared in a recent issue of *The Referee* :—

Sir,—Amidst the general interest which has been aroused in the Press by the recent discussion on the question of physical deterioration, an interest which has been accentuated by the letter of the Duke of Wellington and the extremely able memorandum of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, a doubt has been expressed in some quarters as to whether military training can supply any remedy for the grave state of affairs which is alleged to exist.

It would indeed be foolish to claim that military training alone can suffice to bring about physical improvement when the foundations of health are lacking, owing to insufficient or improper nourishment, especially in infancy, or

SERGEANT F. W. SMITH (*Cardiff*).

to exceptionally unfavourable conditions of early life. On the other hand, it is important to remember that to some extent at least these deteriorating influences of an industrial civilization are at work in other countries, such as Germany, where nevertheless a distinct improvement has been steadily taking place in the national physique. But we need not go so far afield to prove the value of a sound military training, accompanied by a scientific system of

gymnastics, in improving even the poorest physique and bringing it up to something like the average of the race. The reports of the Inspector-General of Recruiting up to 1898 always contained figures giving the results of the training of those recruits "specially" enlisted below the very low standard of physical measurements which obtain in our Army. I subjoin the figures given for 1898:

"Specials" enlisted: In 1898, between January 1 and June 30 the percentage who had reached the standard among those re-measured in January, 1899, was 73; between July 1 and September 30, 63; between October 1 and December 31, 43; previous to 1895, 90; during 1895, 87; during 1896, 85; during 1897, 77.

It may be as well to add that the average improvement which takes place in the ordinary recruit during the average course of five or six months' gymnastic training, which means one hour daily mostly spent in free gymnastics, is: 2 ins. round the chest, 1½ ins. round the upper arm, 1 in. round the forearm.

Colonel Douglas, V.C., M.D., lecturing in 1899 on "The Recruit from the Depôt Medical Officer's Point of View," said: "As a result of three months' training, the recruit gains in weight and height, girth of chest and limbs. The improvement in physical development is so great that one often regrets that a similar training cannot be more universally applied, and that more of the hooligans and youthful yahoos that infest some of the streets of our cities cannot be . . . . trained to habits of order and discipline, and their physical powers developed."

Assuredly the question of proper feeding and housing demands the most careful attention of the State, and the crying need for the education of the masses of the people, and most of all the mothers of the working classes, in the rudiments of hygiene is becoming daily more apparent. An improvement is to be looked for from proper attention to these important factors in national health. But it would be absurd to shut our eyes to that great factor in the improvement of national physique which we find so beneficially at work in countries which have the same industrial conditions to contend with, and which produces such an extraordinary improvement in the very unpromising material which unfortunately constitutes so large a part of our military forces.

AT THE LIFE SAVING SOCIETY'S GALA, HIGHGATE PONDS, JULY, 1903.

The Moral Aspect of Physical Culture.

By PARK OSBORNE.

IN some quarters the cry has gone forth that we are morally on the down grade as a nation. And certainly there are evidences around us which seem to justify the assertion; yet in the main I do not admit that the people of to-day are one whit worse than were their forebears. Not that I would shirk looking any deterioration squarely in the face. Be that far from me; but I think, if history speaks truth, we still compare very favourably with the past generations. In saying this I don't know that I flatter the race unduly; nor is there anything in the statement to justify brag.

However, since attention has been drawn to the question we cannot afford to overlook certain tendencies in our national life that may ultimately tend towards deterioration. Examples of this may, for instance, be found in the tone of modern novels, which is not, in the main, of a very high standard. The same thing applies to the play, many managers contending that it must propound some problem if it is to be a success. Happily, the greatest successes are not problem plays, therefore the argument is not justified. This teaching finds a certain reflex in our general bearing and in our conversation. To many people a jest has no point unless it verges dangerously on the seamy side of life. And the court bears sad testimony to the fact that the teaching is too often carried into practice.

Numerous reasons have been given for this falling away: some plausible, some absurd. I cannot wait to enquire into them here. After all, the question is: Does the depravity apply to the nation as a nation, or simply to a few undesirables in it? I opine the latter. At heart, despite occasional surface disturbances, the nation loves its moral code, written and unwritten. It treasures and admires healthy purity and nobility. Its true heroes and heroines are those whose life is without blemish. Therein lies its salvation. So long as the nation keeps of that mind, striving towards the higher ideals, it cannot degenerate morally. Vice, when discovered, will receive no quarter, let alone encouragement. Unfortunately, this evil cannot be wholly stamped out. It has always been with us, and always will be for that part; but because of the few black sheep we are not to rashly brand the whole flock.

To my mind moral degradation is the result of a diseased mind. There are numerous forces which bring about and accentuate this disease: pride, voluptuousness, suggestion, laziness; but, most important of all, physical weakness. When the body and its various members are unhealthy and not under control it naturally follows that all the other organs will be in sympathy and cease to perform their functions properly. Deterioration of the mental faculties can in most instances be traced to primary deterioration of the physical. Examination has proved this. When the unfortunates arrive at the stage when the two degrading forces

work in sympathy the pace becomes very rapid.

From this it may be gathered that I am a staunch advocate of physical culture. By that term I mean to imply all legitimate means we can employ towards making our physique sound and healthy, whether found in an outdoor life, the gymnasium, or even in our homes. In this connection I would remind my readers that unless those rules which science has laid down as expedient are strictly attended to, much effort will be wasted, and the object to which the training is directed will in a large measure be missed. It is not to be imagined that a grand physique and moral excellence always go together, and that the one is a sure indication of the other. The fall of the Roman Empire furnishes a startling proof that it is possible to carry this culture of the physical to a demoralising excess. Yet that does not disprove my contention, which is based on that judicious moderation which should be observed in all things. Physical culture, by its healthy influence on the mind, will do much to check any tendency towards immorality, if it cannot ultimately succeed in stamping it out.

Happily there are numerous indications that we have outgrown many of the traditional conventionalities and superstitions that cramped life within certain limited spheres, and were therefore detrimental to our physical, if not also to our moral, well-being. More scope and freedom are offered nowadays for indulging in healthy recreations, in which men and women join hands. In some respects this tendency has had its revolutionary aspects, but the tendency is for the best in both male and female, since it has aroused new interests and ambitions instead of wearing life out in the conventional atmosphere of the drawing-room.

As a consequence of the revival of interest in the rapidly advancing physical science, the race is surely, though the signs may be somewhat obscure, making towards a much more vigorous type of manhood and womanhood. Everything that tends to strengthen and build it up is being fostered and encouraged, and in no age was this more necessary than it is now. The pace has grown so fast that we have evidence every day of "the weak going to the wall while the strong push forward." It may also be equally true that the race is not always to the swift, nor victory to the strong; but I would much rather be in the position of the strong man than struggle along after a fashion, handicapped on all sides, as is the weak man.

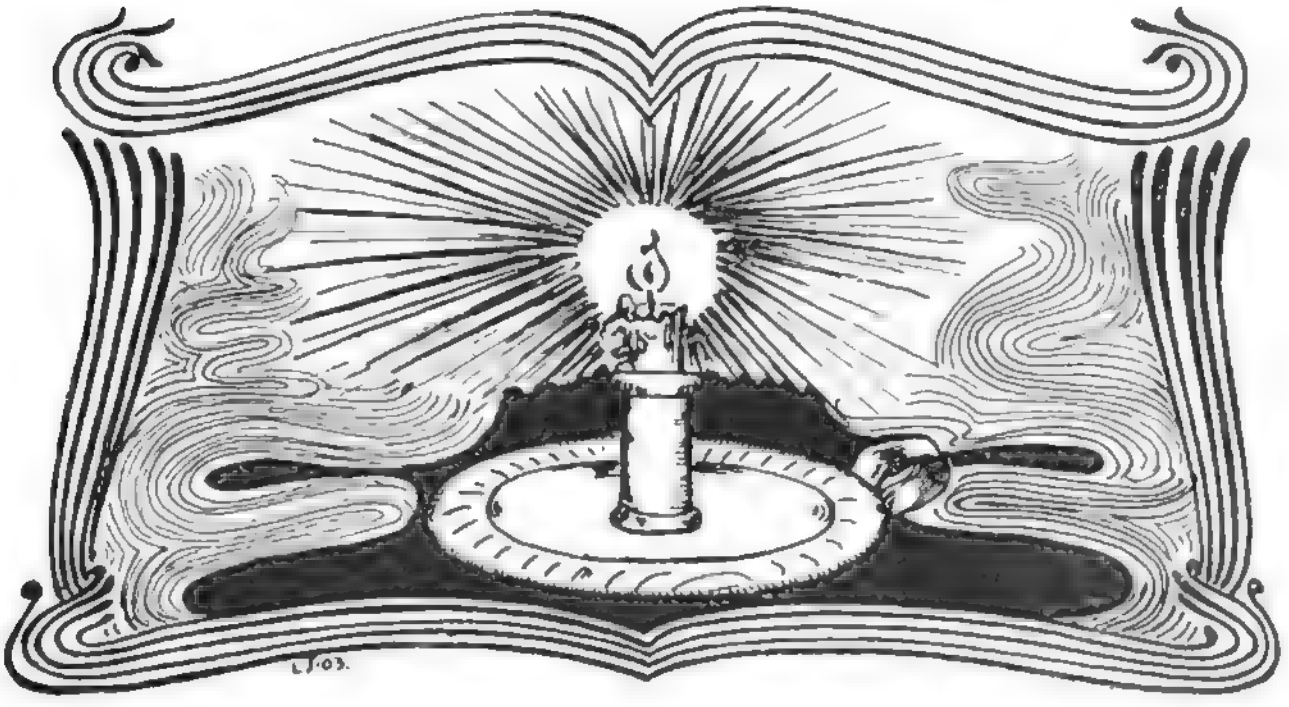
Perfect health and a sound physique form the foundation on which we must build those other qualities of mind and character, which are the essential elements of true success in life. This cannot be gainsaid. Therefore it behoves us individually and collectively to cultivate and develop to its highest attainments what strength within us lies.

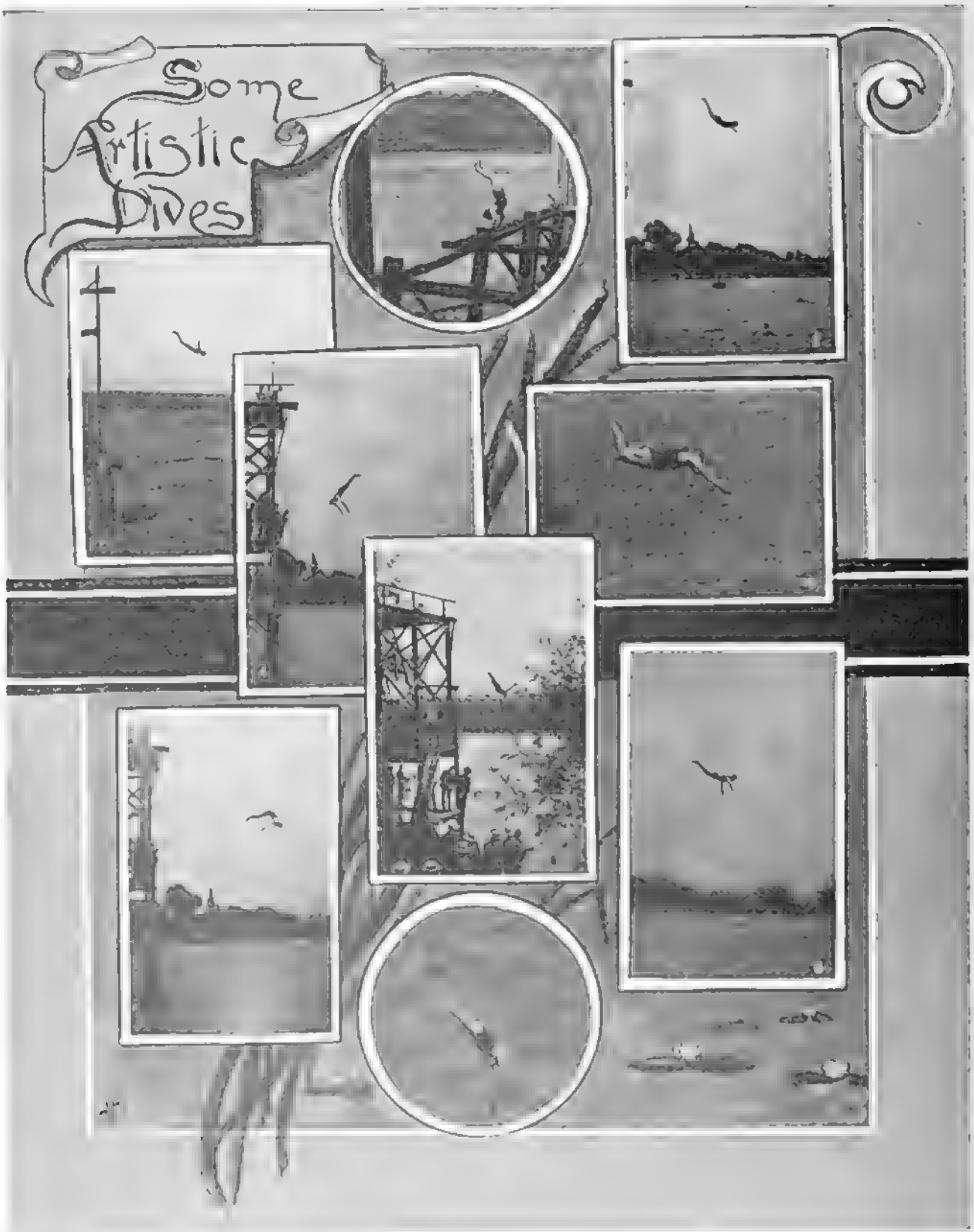
Since the human structure, or the physical, is the first essential, it naturally follows that too much care and attention cannot be bestowed on it. No pains should be spared nor any responsibility shirked that will tend to bring all the parts into a state of thorough efficiency, that will cause them to perform their functions harmoniously, that will train them to endure and sustain any reasonable strain and tax that may be demanded of them. In this development the brain will also come in for its share of beneficial exercise.

As I have already hinted, a healthy, active brain depends largely on a healthy, active body. The two are strangely governed by a bond of mutual sympathy. When the body is sound and fit there can be little fear but that the brain will also be sound and fit; it should be, if it isn't. Where there is health there cannot be corruption or disease. A healthy body is the best purifying influence that can be brought into contact with the mind; it is the safest index to a sound mind.

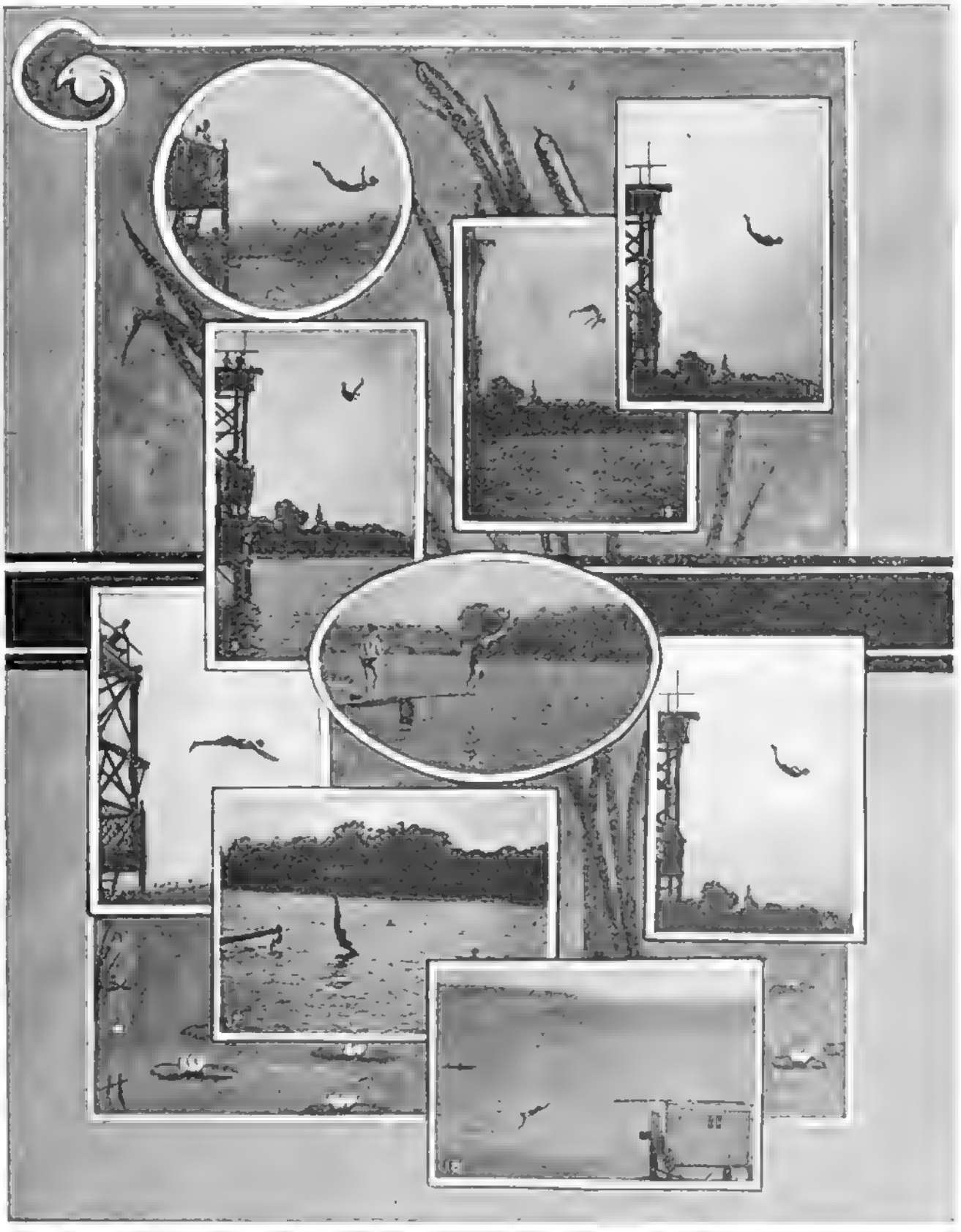
The healthy man is the mental and moral superior, as well as the physical superior, of the man who neglects to cultivate the physical.

If this were better understood in public institutions, in our schools, and all places devoted to the training of youth, and received its due attention, then would our national outlook be still brighter and more hopeful. These ideas cannot be inculcated and practised too early in life. They furnish the youth with stamina and backbone, which are necessary if the other branches of his learning are to be of any use to him; and, what is more, as not the least outcome of this, our coming men would in consequence stand on a higher moral plane. Then the sad wail of the alarmist would cease.

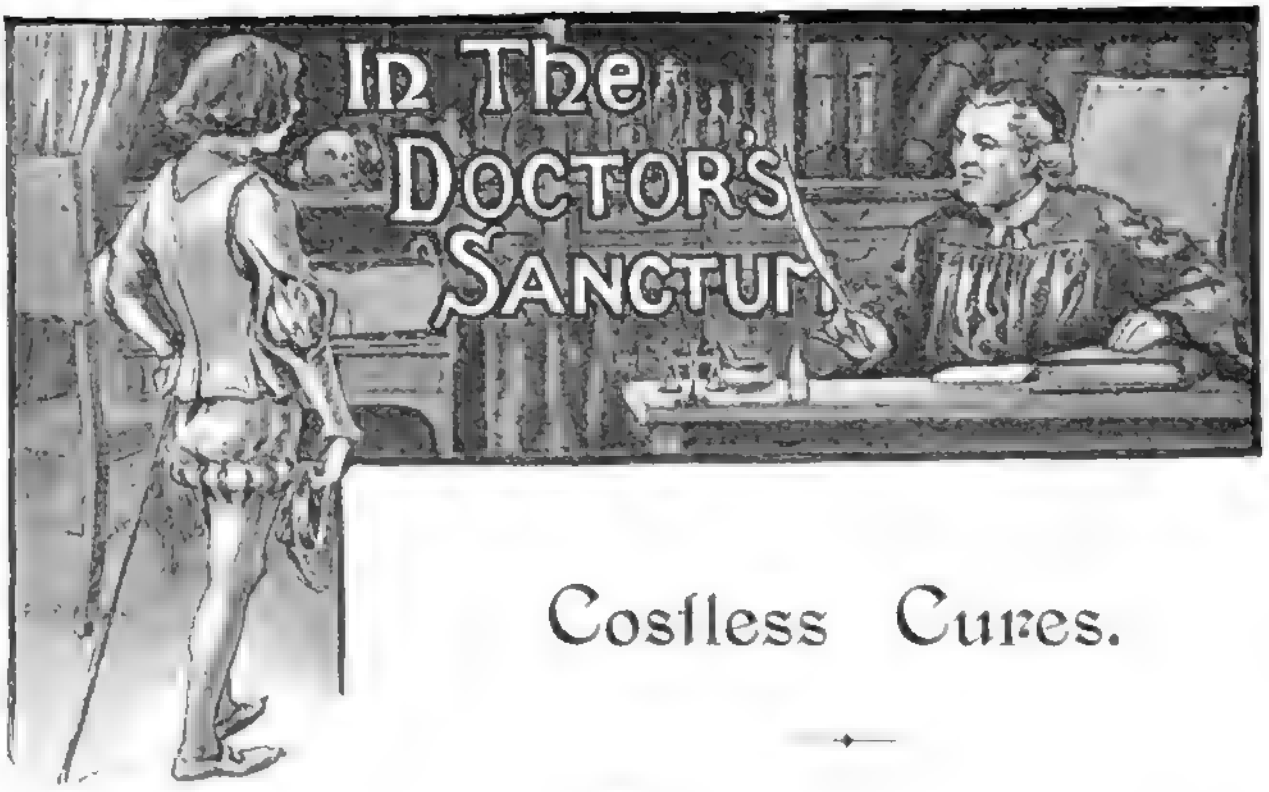




1. Professor Fox, Sandown.
2. H. Mew, Long arm balance.
3. G. M. Clark, Swan dive.
4. R. L. Ede, Backwards forward dive.
5. Tellander. Champion, 1903.
6. H. Mew, Shanklin.
7. Hawes Wilson.
8. H. Johannsen, Winner, President's Cup, Amateur Diving Association, and Champion of Sweden.
9. H. Mew, Shanklin.



10. H. Goodworth. 11. Hawes Wilson, Back dive.
12. G. M. Clark, Running forward somersault. 13. D. F. Cook.
14. E. Hill, Long arm balance.
15. S. Featherstonhaugh. 16. D. F. Cook, Porpoise dive.
17. E. Hill.
18. E. Hill, Shanklin.



Costless Cures.

TYPHOID.

ALTHOUGH I am writing this article under "Costless Cures," I do not want you to think I am going to tell you how to cure typhoid at little expense, because I am afraid it is one of those diseases that must be put in your doctor's hands as soon as possible, and as it requires the most careful treatment, it cannot possibly be costless. But it may be costless in that a deal can be done without expense in the way of prevention in the event of any of the family being infected, of the spreading of the infection amongst the rest of the family by the observance of one or two rules.

At this time of the year, and, in truth, until well into December, this is one of the most dangerous diseases that we have to deal with.

Why it should be more prevalent in the autumn and early winter I cannot tell you, but the fact remains that it is so. I always compare typhoid to an enemy in ambush, because one never knows when one is going to be seized, and when you are attacked it so often happens that you cannot tell by what it has been caused, as there are so many simple things which may have caused it. Take for instance the presence of the germ in watercress which has been taken from some water polluted by drainage. You have innocently eaten it, perhaps a week before, and naturally detected nothing wrong; but a week or more after, you show every symptom of typhoid, and neither you nor anyone would care to swear that you got the germ through that innocent-looking watercress, unless you know where it has come from and find that the germ exists in the water from whence it was taken.

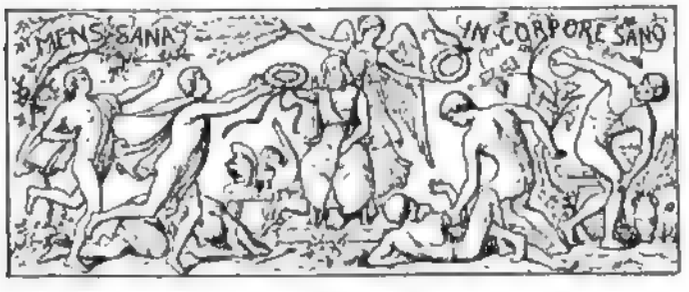
With oysters we have the same thing, as you may swallow the most innocent-looking oyster simply full of typhoid germs, for they have no effect on the bivalve, so that it is impossible for you to detect anything the matter with it. Fruit is another source of infection, and so on with several other things; but, of course, we must remember that for these germs to reach our body through these agencies they must become impregnated from some sewage or manure that contained the germ, and as it found its way into the said sewage or manure from

personal deposits—that being practically their only origin—it is, therefore, our first care to see that all utensils used by infected patients, as well as discharges, be well disinfected.

It is very necessary to look well after your drains; to see that your sink and surroundings are kept sweet. If you should detect the slightest smell arising at any time, attend to it at once, as whilst you are hesitating, your water may become infected. Where there is any fear of infection, boil the water and also milk. With regard to your vegetables, a very simple and advisable plan is to wash them thoroughly in salt and water. It would be useless my advising you not to eat things which are liable to infection from the germ, but I would advise you to exercise care, and, when possible, to find out where they come from.

From all that I have said you will gather that infection must come direct from the germ, which must enter the body and attack the bowel, where it multiplies and causes all the trouble, and that, therefore, you need not worry about your being infected in any other way, although some authorities hold that the inhalation of bad air from drains containing the germ may infect you; that may be, but don't ask your doctor, as a patient asked me some time ago, if it was not possible to get typhoid from a mosquito bite, merely because his daughter had been bitten by a mosquito a few days before she developed typhoid fever.

With regard to the symptoms, the disease sometimes takes as much as three weeks after infection before it shows itself in its true character, but the average time is twelve to sixteen days. During that time the patient feels very fatigued, unfit for work, suffers from headaches, and has no appetite. The condition of the tongue is well marked; a thick yellow fur in the centre, the sides red, and at times it is very dry. The temperature varies, being, as is always the case more or less, highest in the evening. The other symptoms are better left to your doctor.



The National Physique.

GOVERNMENT INQUIRY AT LAST.

AS the outcome of the debate in the House of Lords on the national physical degeneration, which followed on the long-continued representations of those who, like myself, have had the opportunity of seeing the deplorable decline in the youth of the country, a Committee has been appointed by the Lord President of the Council (the Duke of Devonshire) to make a preliminary inquiry into the matter. It was on July 6th last that Lord Meath moved that such a Committee of Inquiry should be appointed, and he was supported by the Bishop of Ripon.

The Duke of Devonshire then agreed that the condition of things was serious from both the military and the industrial points of view. He promised on behalf of the Government that an inquiry would be made, and that the matter should be referred at once to medical opinion as a preliminary step.

A few days before the debate in the Lords, Sir William Anson brought the matter up in the House of Commons, and declared that there were 60,000 children in the London schools who were physically unfit for instruction.

Sir W. Taylor, Director-General of the Army Medical Service, stated in a recent report that, taking a period of ten years, he found that one man in every three offering themselves as recruits had to be rejected.

Figures have also been published showing how physical decline has increased. Here are a few samples:—

Proportion of men in the Army under 5 ft. 5 ins.:—

1889 ...	105 per 1,000.	1891 ...	117 per 1,000.
1890 ...	115 ,, ,,	1898 ...	132 ,, ,,

Under 33 ins. round the chest:—

1889 ...	17 per 1,000.	1891 ...	22 per 1,000.
1890 ...	19 ,, ,,	1898 ...	23 ,, ,,

Recruits passed for service under 8 st. 8 lbs. in weight:—

1871 ...	150.4 per 1,000.	1898 ...	269 per 1,000.
1872 ...	174.4 ,, ,,	1900 ...	301 ,, ,,

No definite date had been fixed when these lines were written for the opening meeting of the Committee, but it was expected that this month would see the work of inquiry commenced. It will, however, only be a preliminary stage, the Committee's work being only to define the evil. The measures to be adopted to remedy the existing state of affairs must be left to a future Commission of a more representative character. This preliminary step has been the means of calling forth extensive remarks in the Press, which, of late, has seen the necessity of urgent action, as I have tried to instil through these columns for the past five years.

"The Daily Chronicle," which has opened its columns freely to the subject, in a leading article says: "All parties can join in welcoming the appointment by the Duke of Devonshire of a Committee to conduct a preliminary inquiry into the supposed physical deterioration among certain classes of the people. No committee could have a subject of higher importance proposed for its consideration. After all, the object of all national exertion, trade, learning, law, wars, and industry is nothing else than the production and extension of a noble race, and if the nation fails in this it fails in everything. If the people as a whole are deteriorating, we must change our ways or give up the national struggle as a mistake. The creation and

preservation of a fine stock of mankind is the first and perhaps the only reason for national existence, and if the mass of the people is going downhill in physique, we may be quite sure it is going downhill in character and intellect as well.

"We notice the inquiry is rightly limited to the supposed deterioration 'in certain classes.' The classes which we may roughly call well-fed do not need an inquiry. They are obviously not deteriorating in physique at all events, though, to judge from certain other recent Commissions, their brains have hardly kept pace with their muscles. The athletic records are being continually beaten; the average height and strength of the young men is continually rising, and we doubt if any race has ever shown so fine and healthy a stock of girlhood and womanhood as is now to be found in our upper and middle classes. But then those classes almost invariably get good food, and enough of it; they spend a great part of their growing life in country air, exercising their strength and developing their growth; they very seldom begin to work for their living till they are over eighteen or twenty; they live in houses where there is plenty of room; and the mothers as a rule have nothing much except their households to work at whilst their families are increasing. Turn all those conditions round the other way, and we have the conditions of the working-classes and the poor. The children seldom get good food, and they seldom get enough of it. They spend very little of their growing life in country air or in developing their strength; they generally begin to work for their living at fourteen at latest; they live in crowded rooms; and the mothers as a rule are compelled to work whilst the families are increasing. Can we wonder if exactly opposite conditions are found to be producing exactly opposite results, and whilst the well-fed classes are improving, the working-classes and the poor are going down? We fear that upon the facts of the case the inquiry will find very little to comfort us. The decline in average physique, especially in our town populations, is established by too many tests to be denied; the interest of the inquiry will come in if the Committee can suggest means of checking the gradual degeneracy. We can see no complete cure short of an immense revolution in industrial life and industrial towns—a revolution that would convert our centres of population into 'garden cities,' and render it unnecessary for young mothers to toil for their living. But of course there is much that is more immediately within reach, and the Committee of Inquiry, or the further Commission to which it will probably lead, may help to bring us a little further on the way."

"The Star" is of opinion that such an inquiry is timely, and continues: "There can be no doubt that the change from an agricultural to an urban life—when unaccompanied by any intelligent legislative oversight—is responsible for a decline in physical strength, while it may sharpen the wits. When one considers that during the early years of the nineteenth century our public opinion—engrossed in foreign wars, and uninstructed in sanitary matters—allowed the population of a whole countryside to be swept by the flood of economic change from their villages into the cotton mills of Lancashire, where women and children worked excessive hours, and spent their scanty leisure in rows of brick boxes with slate lids, such as one may still see in Oldham or in Ancoats, it is not surprising that the generations that have followed have had to pay the penalty."

"The World" says:—"There will be no lack of serious matter for the consideration of the Committee appointed by the Duke of Devonshire to inquire into the question of physical deterioration among certain classes of the population. Some ugly and disquieting facts, bearing mainly upon the Army recruiting problem, came up for discussion

during the recent debate on the subject in the House of Lords, and more than sufficient evidence was adduced by Lord Meath and others to demonstrate the gravity of the matter and the urgent need of such an inquiry as is now about to be undertaken. Whether it will be possible to suggest any practicable measures for coping with the evil is, unfortunately, doubtful. Something may be effected in course of time by bringing the parents of children of the poorer classes to a better observance of hygienic and dietary laws; but it is to be feared that the root of the mischief is to be found in the latter-day tendency of the population to herd into towns, under conditions of life necessarily inimical to healthy physical development. How this tendency is to be checked constitutes a problem of which philanthropic statesmanship will be hard put to it to discover a possible solution."

"The Standard" attacks the subject in a masterly manner: "The members of the investigating body come to their task with the advantage of possessing at least some knowledge of the subject they are to examine. Mr. Fitzroy, the Clerk of the Council, who is to act as chairman, will be chiefly expected to direct the labours of his colleagues. . . . The committee have all the appearance of a businesslike body, and we may expect that they will execute their task with success. Their report will not command less confidence because the political and the faddist elements are conspicuous by absence. It is desirable to bear in mind exactly what the members are appointed to do. They are not to study an acknowledged 'physical deterioration,' but to find, by way of preliminary inquiry, whether the nation is affected by any such evil. . . . The question is by no means so simple as it may be thought. To begin with, the phrase may mean two widely different things. It may signify that the race as a whole is less physically vigorous than was once the case; or that certain classes live in conditions which do not tend to health and vigour. No one who possesses even a modest acquaintance with the social history of the country can accept the first of these hypotheses. The average length of life is much greater than it was even a century ago, and whole classes of diseases due to unhealthy surroundings—leprosy, for instance, or the less virulent evil of scurvy, once common even in the well-to-do classes—have disappeared. That a portion of the people live in bad conditions is, unhappily, true. In spite of all that has been done to improve the sanitary conditions of towns, it remains the case that the human race does tend to become less muscular and robust when crowded together in great numbers. How best to counteract this tendency is a very proper, and may be made a very profitable, subject of inquiry. The work will be all the better done if the investigators are careful to abstain from recommending fantastic cures. In some quarters there is an inclination to look to compulsory military service for a remedy. No more ineffectual cure could possibly be imagined, if only for the simple reason that conscription takes the strongest and not the weakest. Germany calls a bare half of the men liable to the service to the colours. Russia, Austria, and Italy take far fewer. France is more exacting, with the result that the death-rate is very high in her army. Better physical training in schools, and more of it, would no doubt do good. Nor is there any reason why it should not be continued by drill and military exercises afterwards. But, perhaps, the best results would be obtained by persuading mothers in the poorer classes not to give their children food which stomachs of twenty months old are not capable of digesting, and to dress them with more regard to warmth and less to cheap finery than is too much their custom at present."

"The Midland Evening News" says: "Although in a recent debate in the House of Lords it was stated that the average

Photo., D. Bernard & Co. Melbourne]

A NEW SANDOW POSE (XXVI).

man and woman had increased in stature in the past thirty years, yet the belief prevails that physical deterioration has taken place amongst the poorer classes. The Royal Commission on Physical Training in Scotland, after an exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was an undeniable degeneration of individuals of the class where food and environment were defective. If some of our people have deteriorated in physique, it is probably through their living in crowded and ill-ventilated houses, or because the character of their employment conduces to physical degeneracy."

In "The Liverpool Post" we read: "The appointment of a Committee is viewed with general satisfaction. A grave national danger, pointed out over and over again by those having the welfare of the nation at heart, is now to be tackled in earnest, and it is hoped that when the present Committee has concluded its preliminary investigation the whole subject will be gone into systematically and scientifically by one or more Commissions, upon which the medical profession, and especially medical officers of health, will be well represented. The nurture of children, the conditions of family life among the very poor, and the physical training of boys and girls at different ages up to eighteen might be subjects for investigation by a series of Commissions, the composition of which should include ladies with special knowledge of the questions under examination."

"The Dundee Advertiser" thinks: "The inquiry instituted by the Government into the question of the alleged deterioration of the national physique should produce valuable results.

"The investigations of the Committee will no doubt be directed to ascertaining as a preliminary to further action the true extent of the alleged deterioration. No one, unfortunately, can deny that among certain strata of the population there is a lamentable decline in stature and strength. On the other hand, it would be rash to assert that the physical energy and stamina of the nation as a whole are being undermined. The Committee may be expected to devote itself to defining the extent of the evil, remedial measures being left to a future Commission of a more representative character."

The following extract is from "The Irish Independent": "Overwhelming evidence is to hand that in all the large towns of Great Britain the standard of height, weight, and strength is lower among certain classes of the population than it was, say, twenty years ago. The statistics from the schools tell the story of sapped vitality in youth, with resultant weediness in early manhood and womanhood, and premature decrepitude. The Committee will earn the gratitude of the public if it can suggest any feasible means of checking the degeneracy of the race. In the recommendations that will be made by the Committee it is safe to predict that improved physical training of the young will find a place—and rightly so. Healthy exercise, prudent discipline, the cultivation of habits of order, the quickening of the spirit of self-respect—all these influences serve to raise the standard, moral and physical, of the youths brought within their range."

The names of the members of the Committee are as follows:—

Mr. Almeric FitzRoy, C.V.O. (chairman), Clerk of the Council.

Colonel G. M. Fox, C.B., formerly head of the Gymnastic School of the Army.

Mr. J. G. Legge, Chief Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools.

Mr. H. M. Lindsell, Principal Assistant Secretary to the Board of Education.

Colonel George T. Onslow, C.B., Head of the Navy Recruiting Service.

Mr. John Struthers, C.B., Assistant Secretary to the Scottish Education Department.

Dr. J. F. W. Tatham, Superintendent of Statistics in the Registrar-General's Office.

Association Football.

THE SEASON OF 1903–1904.

By JOHN CAMERON (*Tottenham Hotspur F.C.*) and T. C. COLLINGS.

THE football season of 1903–4 will in many ways be a notable one. The programme will be as long as ever, and so far as the Southern League is concerned the prospects are very bright. In addition to the clubs that comprised the Southern League last year, there will be Fulham, with a ground that an enormous number of people will envy, and that is said to furnish seating accommodation and opportunities for viewing the game to a larger number than any other; Brighton and Hove Albion, quite an unknown quantity; and also Plymouth Argyle, from whom very much is expected.

Taking the clubs in order, Southampton, the champions, will be almost as strong in players as they were last year. Very few changes have been made in the side, and with Clawley, Houlker, and Hedley added to last season's team the loss of the other players should not be seriously felt, and it will be a bit of a struggle between Hedley and Harrison as to who will occupy the regular position of centre-forward. Towards the latter half of last season Harrison proved phenomenally successful as a goal-getter, and as Hedley can play a good game at the inside position, it may be that they will settle down that way.

The Hotspur prospects are decidedly good and can scarcely be better; with a balance from last season of £2,500 the directors were able to re-engage all the old players they wished for, and have secured four first-class men to strengthen last year's weak spots. The new players are: Joseph Walton, from Preston, who has already made his presence felt in the opening matches as outside right; Brearley, the old Millwall man, who has since played for Middlesbrough and Everton; Mearns, the goalkeeper from Kettering; and McConnachie, from the Vale of Leven, a promising young

DAVID COPELAND,
Tottenham Hotspur F.C.

Scot likely to develop into a first-class centre forward. Very wisely, we think, the number of extra matches has been cut down so that only one of a friendly character—that with the Corinthians—appears in the fixture list this season.

The ground has been improved, and V. J. Woodward has promised to help on all

important occasions, whilst McNaught is back as sound as ever. Sam Mountford has been again retained as trainer, and John Over as groundman.

Millwall are very hopeful, and Mr. Beveridge has got together a very good team.

C. BROWN.
Tottenham Hotspur F.C.

They will be strengthened with two former members in Arthur Millar, of Aston Villa, and Joyce, of Blackburn Rovers. This has given unbounded satisfaction to the locals. The attack must be considerably improved by including Maxwell, of Sunderland, while with McLean in the half-back line, the trio will be one of the strongest in the South. The old Bristol Rover—if he plays only up to last season's form—must be regarded as a great capture.

Although the withdrawal of Millwall from the Western League has given dissatisfaction in some quarters, the policy of the reduced programme is a wise one, and one we believe other clubs will soon follow.

The Plymouth Argyle is a healthy recruit. The new Southern League club has come to stay, and before long it will be a power in the land. There are few people who know how to build up a team better than Mr. Frank Brettell, and the little crew he has selected, although not a championship lot on paper, are good and sound in every sense of the word.

Every player has been carefully chosen for the position he has to occupy. With Robinson in goal, and Clark and Fitchett at back, the defence is very strong, whilst there is plenty of dash and go about the front line. Peddie, at centre, has already given evidence of his goal-getting propensities in the practice games, and supported by Picken, Jack, Anderson, and Winterhalder, the future is bright with promise. In the Western League match with West Ham, with which the Argyles opened the season, Peddie netted the only goal scored, and as soon as his fellow-forwards get used to his methods we will expect to see plenty of goals to his credit.

In the half-back line there is the famous Goodall, backed up by Digweed and Leech. The popular Archie has command of the team, and he is certainly an ideal leader.

The great rivals of the new club will be Southampton and Portsmouth, and perhaps Bristol Rovers, and the home matches with these teams will mean good gates.

Reading have a new eleven, and they are captained by the famous amateur of Oxford City, Herbert Smith. They have several new players, of whom the best known are M. Good, of Bristol City, J. C. Dilks, of

C. WILLIAMS,
The 'Spurs Goal-keeper.

Northampton, and J. Poppitt, of Swindon. Mr. Harry Matthews is the secretary and manager, and the team look very fit and well under the care of Fred Paley, of Woolwich Arsenal. The team are young and strong, but they are on the heavy side, and should do well.

The Queen's Park Rangers have now a very fine body of men, and they made such an advance last year that much will be expected of them. Archer is a back from New Brompton, and Cross and Milward give promise of great things. Collins will be the goal-keeper, and Mr. Bowman, who is the new secretary, is still on the active list, whilst he also excels in many branches of athletics. The ground has been fenced in, more seating room been provided, and the outlook is decidedly rosy.

Kettering, Wellingborough, and Brentford, are all making a bid for existence. The former have Dorrington, the old Blackpool goal-keeper, and other notable men are Leigh, of Bristol City, and Charlie Webb. Wellingborough have some smart men, of whom the best known are McDonald, of Portsmouth, Lamberton, of Bristol City, and Beaver, of Preston North End. The busy Bees have quite a new set of men, the best known being Caie, of Millwall, Spicer, of Woolwich, Turner, of Chesterfield, and Brett, of West Bromwich Albion. In addition to these, Stanley Briggs, J. H. Moulder, the Surrey cricketer, and J. H. Sanders, a back from Hounslow, have all signed forms.

E. T. MANN,
Marlborough and Cambridge University.

K. L. HUTCHINGS *(Tunbridge Wells)*,
Footballer and Cricketer.

West Ham have a very good team, and the new men are Cotton, goal, late of Reading; Kay, a back, Sheffield United; Watts, the late captain of Reading; Ingham, a Welsh player; and Satterthwaite, from New Brompton. The team have a very heavy programme, as they will compete in the Southern, Western, and London Leagues, and for the Association and Southern Charity Cups.

Of the other clubs, Luton, Northampton, Portsmouth, New Brompton, Bristol Rovers, and Fulham, all have good programmes, but their form is uncertain. Fulham have secured the services of a likely team, and have Fryer, Soar, and May; also E. Turner, late of Portsmouth, Gray, of Grimsby, and Lawrence and Hunt, of Woolwich.

It may be said that amongst the Southern teams transfers have been innumerable, and the Bristol Rovers have lost eight of last year's players, Reading nine, and Wellingborough, West Ham, and Portsmouth five or

six each. It is very difficult to say what are the chances of the Southern League clubs, but a spirited competition may be looked for.

So far as the English League is concerned, Manchester City and Small Heath return to the First Division, and their form will be watched very closely indeed. Blackburn Rovers, who narrowly escaped the Second Division, have signed on Evans, the Welsh International goal-keeper; while the Cup-holders, Bury, have captured Ronaldson, of Grimsby.

J. SHARP (*Everton*),
The Lancashire Cricketer and Footballer.

Derby County have lost by the migration of Fryer, Soar, and H. May, to Fulham; and of Archie Goodall to Plymouth. The new goal-keeper is Whittaker, late of Grimsby, and his transfer is said to have been the heaviest in the League. Everton have lost Brearley and Clark, but they have M'Dermott and Collin; while J. Bell has gone to Preston. Notts Forest have several new men, of whom the best known are Innes, of Notts County, and Griffiths, of Reading. The County, however, have the services of McColl, of Bristol Rovers, and Chapman, of Sheffield United; while they have transferred Morris to Bristol City. The Sheffield clubs have made very few alterations, and the United have Clay, of the Celtic; while the Wednesday team have got hold of Hemmingfield. The Manchester clubs have done more than this, and the United have Sutcliffe and Moger as goal-keepers; while the City have Lyons, of the Bristol Rovers, and a Preston player named Pearson. Stoke have lost Leach, the half-back, and Lockett, and their team are an unknown quantity. Woolwich is almost sure to make a bid for promotion, and their defence could scarcely be bettered, yet they have signed on such good men as Eggett, the late goal-keeper of the Doncaster Rovers, Busby, of the Queen's Park Rangers, and Watson, of Middlesbrough.

The dates of the International matches are: February 29th, 1904, Wales *v.* England, in Wales; March 12th, 1904, Ireland *v.* England, in Ireland; March 21st, 1904, Wales *v.* Scotland in Wales; March 26th, 1904, Ireland *v.* Scotland, in Ireland; April 9th, 1904, Scotland *v.* England, in Scotland; and also October 10th, 1903, English League *v.* Irish League, in Ireland; February 27th, 1904, Scottish League *v.* Irish League, in Scotland; April 2nd, 1904, Scottish League *v.* English League, in England.

The alterations in the laws are of a minor character, and mainly give the referee power to award a free kick for foul practices—a most desirable matter so far as the game is concerned.

Our Ladies' Pages.

I HAVE received from Miss Manley another photograph, which I am pleased to publish, together with the accompanying letter:—

Homburg v.d. Hôhe,
Frankfurt a/M.

Dear Mr. Sandow,—I send you a new photograph which I have just had taken—and which I hope you may approve of—as to costume, &c., &c.

It is the most suitable that I can think of for the purpose. It consists merely of woollen combinations, flannel petticoat and belt (of course, no corset), and I think it shows the figure sufficiently to make it possible to judge fairly of the general physical development.

If you should decide to put it into the next Magaziue, I trust that it may incite your lady pupils to respond enthusiastically and numerously to your kind suggestion of a few weeks ago. This is really my sole object in sending my photo a second time (for you have already been so good as to put it in ordinary dress into this month's issue).

I cannot myself make any pretensions to fine development of muscle, &c. It is true that I have daily used the developer exercises foi just over one and a-half years—and the grip dumb-bells for some months—with great benefit to general health, &c., only, however, following the pictorial instruction.

But since staying here, I have met a gentleman who has known you personally in America, and to whom you had given many valuable hints and instructions as to the right method of carrying out the exercises—breathing, &c.—and he convinced me that I was not doing them in the best way—was not "putting enough" into them—especially not exerting the muscles of the arms or breathing properly.

His advice will, I hope, prove very useful to me, and I trust that I shall now improve in that way. I think I may say I have already done so to a certain extent. With kind regards, and hoping the competition may make a fresh start. —Yours very truly,

LOUISA G. MANLEY.

P.S.—The legs and feet in the photo have come out rather clumsily; also left arm rather more bulky than the original, I think!

* * *

The New York correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" writes: "The interest taken by American women of all classes in physical culture and exercise has greatly increased during the past few years, and

already the result is shown in the greatly improved physique both of the younger and the older women. Classes for physical culture are now a feature of the curriculum in all private schools and women's colleges, while regular gymnastic exercise is obligatory on all female as well as male pupils in the public schools of this country. The game of

MISS LOUISA G. MANLEY.

basket-ball, which has grown to be almost a national craze, is played almost entirely by women, and there are few of the larger girls' schools or colleges which do not have basket-ball teams, whose matches and tournaments are reported in the daily papers. The game, which is a modified form of foot-ball without the latter's dangers and roughness, is approved by physicians and recommended to the parents of all young and growing girls. Bowling and fencing in the winter, and tennis, golf, riding, bicycling, rowing, and sailing in the season of outdoor sports, are all pursued by American women. Some of the best known American society women — notably Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the Misses Mills, Miss Hoyt, and Miss Sands—excel at tennis and golf, and at Newport Miss Grosvenor and others are pushing men hard in sailing and the management of small yachts. A new and large women's athletic club, with rooms for court tennis and fencing, and a splendidly-equipped gymnasium, is now in process of formation in New York by the daughters of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Astor, junior, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and others, and a similar club is in successful operation in Chicago.

Society women are deeply interested in the teaching of physical culture and in arranging gymnastic instruction for girls of the working classes, and several of the important department stores have gymnasiums for their employés. Physicians agree that fresh air, exercise, and improved hygienic conditions are chiefly responsible for the improvement of the nerves and general health of American women. Lecturers on and teachers of physical culture are all prospering, and few new private houses are built in town or country without one room at least that can be used as a gymnasium, while the residences of the more wealthy have well-equipped gymnasiums.

* * *

The girl who cycles for miles in a day, and who plays golf as energetically as her brother, needs more food than the young woman of fifty years ago. But whilst they eat more food than before, many do not eat wisely. A great doctor complains that they do not wait long enough between meals to become hungry, and that between their regular meals they eat a good deal of trash, which overburdens their stomachs and contains little

nourishment. The result is that women are irritable without knowing why, and they entirely spoil their good looks. Of course, if a woman does not mind having a muddy complexion, a stout and unshapely figure, a double chin, and a dull brain, she can eat whatever and whenever she likes, but doing so is about as wasteful of her strength and beauty as if she were to take frequent doses of some harmful drug.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that out of thirty students who are being trained as teachers at the Southport Physical Training College, no less than ten obtained the gold medal for rope-climbing (60 feet), nine passed the advanced gymnastics test and received the gold medal, and no fewer than eighteen received the gold medal for swimming one mile. The high-jumping test was found more difficult, the majority being only able to negotiate four feet, but two passed the gold medal test by clearing 4ft. 6 ins., while a third excelled herself by jumping 4 ft. 10 ins. The remainder of the students obtained silver medals, some, not having had the necessary length of training, being prohibited by the rules of the college from competing in the gold-medal tests.

* * *

It is with great pleasure that I publish the group of little ones who took part in the recent Children's Parade and Baby Show, organised by Mrs. Ada S. Ballin, in connection with the Bognor Flower Show. In addition to prizes for infants and children of various ages, there were also costume prizes, and a special beauty prize, which went to Miss Ivy Blew-Jones, who will be found seated in the centre of the picture.

BOGNOR BABY SHOW.

How Our Mind Affects Our Health.

By C. STANFORD READ.

THAT the nervous system governs all the functions of the body is a well-known fact, yet the knowledge that we have much of this system under our control, and can guide its power to benefit our mental, moral, and bodily welfare, is not so widely realised as it might be.

That the mind has an enormous effect over our body has been an accepted fact for many ages, and yet, curiously, the practical application of this great beneficent power within us all has been allowed to remain dormant. Hitherto the mental factor, with its effect on our conscious and our unconscious being, has been so much enveloped in chaotic surroundings, and mixed up with charlatanism and chicanery, &c., that the majority of even scientific men have thought the subject an undignified one to pursue. Scepticism and the great unwillingness that most have to believe that which they do not see will always retard the progress of mental science, yet I hope to show my readers by everyday illustrations, the truth of the enormous effect of the mind over the body, and also show how each one may carry the theory into practical effect and benefit himself thereby.

At the outset I should state that our mind is of a dual nature. We have the "conscious" part, which is synonymous with our reasoning powers and dependent on the physical senses for its proper use, and we have the "unconscious" part, which is somewhat ruled by the other. Now it is this unconscious part which controls the functions, sensations, and conditions of the body, and I will give a few illustrations of how the body is thus affected by mental influence, keeping myself confined to the influence on health.

Is it not a fact that when we go to the dentist with a raging toothache the pain often ceases entirely after we have sat in the fateful chair and viewed the instruments of torture? This result is brought about by our mind being so filled with awe and fear, that it cannot dwell on the idea of the painful tooth, hence the loss of pain. When we are sitting at dinner and enjoying a dainty dish of some kind, and someone happens to liken the dish to something disgusting, does not all the relish disappear as if by magic in those easily affected, and even actual sickness sometimes brought on. What is this but mental influence bringing about an alteration in the functions of the stomach. In times of epidemics many people fall victims to the prevalent disease purely through fear of it and always allowing their minds to dwell on the idea. There is no necessity here to dilate on more examples, for I am sure all my readers will be able themselves to recall some such experience of their own or in others. It has been well said that "We think as we feel, or think we feel, and we feel as we think. If we feel a pain we think we are ill, and if we think we are ill, we feel ill and get ill."

Now the ill-effects I have spoken of are brought about by the "suggestions" made on our unconscious mind. In the case of the dish at dinner, the suggestion that it is like something abhorrent makes a strong impression on the mind that produces a feeling of—or actual—sickness. In the same way, in time of epidemics, the continual suggestion that we may be the next victim creates a mental influence that may in time actually bring about the contraction of the feared disease. This is what a strong belief, a potent suggestion, or whatever term you like to call it, may bring about for evil. Now the

important question is, how can we keep or benefit our bodily welfare by means of mental influence? That it can be done and is done by many is a certainty; in many cases unconsciously, but from what I have already said one can see how even consciously we can avoid the many unhealthy dangers which beset our path.

If we happen to be unwell, always let us look on the bright side, never despairing of a speedy betterment, and suggesting to ourselves that the ailment will not last long. If two people are both very ill and in a similar condition, and one believes he will recover while the other does not; it is very much more likely that the former will get better and the chance of the decease of the latter is not remote under those circumstances. I have seen many marvellous recoveries due to the fact that the patients refused to die. In the same way, if you happen to be in the presence of one who is sick, always impress upon him the fact that he will soon be well. Yet how many times have I not heard the greeting in a sick room: "You do look ill!" thereby conveying the suggestion of ill-health, instead of the opposite.

The greatest efficacy of a good doctor lies in the faith we have in him. His cheery face, his sympathetic manner, and confident assurances that we shall be better, works wonders, for his suggestions, coming from one in authority, act very strongly on our unconscious mind. Very important, too, is the fact that we can tend to keep disease at a distance by never thinking of it. Those who are always introspecting and wondering whether this or that food has agreed with them, whether they have not caught cold, whether some small ache or pain is not the onset of some serious disease, are those who are always very liable to be indisposed. It is the man who, though taking all common-sense hygienic precautions, never thinks of his anatomy who seldom suffers from bodily ailments.

If there be danger of contracting disease, then continually suggest to yourself that you will not suffer from it, that you are too healthy to do so, &c.; the odds are then much in your favour. It is quite likely that the recent increase in the cases of appendicitis is due largely to the hold it has taken on the public mind since the King's illness.

The slightest pain in the abdominal region, and thoughts and fears of this disease are allowed to dominate the mind to such an extent that an active inflammatory condition may be set up. I know of the case of a man who became excited on this subject and asked a friend where the appendix was. His friend, knowing his proneness to experience the symptons of every disease he happened to read about, purposely misinformed him by giving him to understand that it was located on the left side of the lower abdomen. As usual, he began to watch for symptoms, and as usual he was soon rewarded by feeling a decided uneasiness in the locality named. In less than a week he felt compelled to appeal to a specialist for relief, which was instantly afforded, both as to his mind and body, by being informed that he had selected the wrong locality for a good case of appendicitis! My readers may regard this as far-fetched, but it is true, and, if so, goes a long way to show how we may bring trouble on ourselves.

Remember, then, that suggestion from others or to ourselves is a potent factor in inducing ill-health; the contrary being also true that we can restore and keep good health by the same means. Suggestion may be a blessing or a curse, according to the uses for which it is employed. But use it one must, for it is one of Nature's all-pervading forces and knows no variableness nor shadow of turning. Like every other law of nature, it is primarily for the highest good and benefit of mankind; but, like other beneficent energy, it may destroy him if, either through ignorance or perversity, he fails to place himself in harmony with it.

To Amateur Photographers.

"SANDOW'S MAGAZINE" NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE COMPETITION.

IN the place of our usual physical competitions, we have devised one which should prove acceptable to our readers at this time of the year, particularly those who take an interest in photography. Each month prizes will be given, to the value of £1 10*s.*, for photographs of any sporting subject. The £1 10*s.* will be divided into first and second prizes, value £1 and 10*s.* respectively, or in any other proportion which may be decided upon, according to the merits of the photographs submitted. The prizes awarded will be in the form of orders to the amount, given on any firm advertising in the Magazine for the month in which the names of the prize-winners are announced.

Some would-be competitors have failed to grasp the nature of the conditions, and have sent in photos (many of them very good) of other than sporting subjects, which are expressly stipulated for in the foregoing paragraph. This, we think, offers a sufficiently wide area. This month there has been a slight improvement in the class of photos sent in; the best, in our opinion, being those submitted by Mr. F. H. Penn, Bedfont, and Mr. E. P. Harding, Dublin, to whom the first and second prizes have been awarded respectively. The prize photographs will be found on the opposite page, and if the successful competitors will make their selection of a prize from the advertisements in this month's issue, we shall be pleased to send an order on the firm to the amount stated.

The conditions are as follows:—

1. A Competitor may send in any number of photographs, but each one must be accompanied by the coupon in the current issue, which will be found on page x of the advertisements.

2. The coupons must be filled in with the Competitor's name and address, which must also be written in pencil on the back of each photograph sent in.

3. A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany all photographs, or they cannot be returned.

4. All photographs for this month's Competition must reach the Editor of "Sandow's Magazine," Basing House, 17 and 18, Basinghall Street, E.C., not later than Thursday, October 15th, marked "Photo Competition" in the top left-hand corner.

5. The copyright of any photograph awarded a prize is to belong to the Editor of "Sandow's Magazine," who also reserves to himself the right of publishing any photograph submitted for competition.

"CLOSE HAULED."

First Prize (£1), Mr. F. H. Penn, Bedford.

"SUNBURY REGATTA."

Second Prize (10s.), Mr. E. Palmer Harding, Dublin.

West End Association Notes.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE CRICKET SEASON.

OWING to the very unfavourable weather experienced during the apology for a summer now passing into a memory only, considerable difficulty has been met with in getting through the competition for the West End Cricket Cups; so much has this been the case that for the first time in the life of the Association matches have had to be played right through the holidays, and clubs put to much inconvenience in arranging to keep their teams together, whilst many players have had to make journeys to town in the middle of their vacation to keep faith with the executive of their club; but it was a duty cheerfully undertaken, for loyalty to their house, and jealousy for the club in connection with it, is an outstanding feature in West End athletics.

It is somewhat curious that, the bad weather notwithstanding, the batting has again shown considerable power over the ball, large scores having been the rule rather than the exception, there having been about forty innings totalling upwards of 100 runs, the highest for the Senior Cup being the 197 for seven scored by Cavendish *v.* Kensington; and the highest in Junior Cup Competition was 176 for six by Tottenham House second string *v.* West End second team.

The lowest score for Senior Cup was 12 by Unity, Grove House beating them with 17 runs for one wicket; the lowest total in Junior Cup was 13 by Hanover House, who were beaten by Basfield with a total of 104. In the former match, Proctor (Grove House) took 6 wickets for 6 runs, Haddon, 4 for 3 runs; in the latter match, Merryfield (Basfield) took 6 wickets for 5, and Walduck 4 for 3 runs; the remainder of each total consisting of byes.

Other notable bowling feats were (taken haphazard) Bartlett (Cavendish), 7 for 10; Legge (Argyll), 7 for 13; Colbourne (Victoria), 5 for 5; Brant (Clarence), 5 for 5; Cooper (Leta), 8 for 14, 7 for 15, 7 for 17; Astell (Holborn Circus), 5 for 13; Angel (Holborn Circus), 6 for 14; Edwards (Kensington), 4 for 3, 7 for 14; Hole (Grove House), 4 for 9, 6 for 11; Ward (Commerce House), 5 for 9, 4 for 7; Haddon (Grove House), 5 for 6; Pimlott (West End), 5 for 2, 5 for 12; Fry (West End), 5 for 6; Hancox (West End), 6 for 11; Hooper (Newman House), 7 for 14; Macgregor (Commerce House), 5 for 10; Alcock (Commerce House), 5 for 14; Bassett (Shamrock), 4 for 10; Dale (Grove House), 6 for 17.

For convenience the Senior Competition was divided into two sections, the winners of one section being Tottenham House, and of the other Cavendish, who defeated West End in an extra match after tying on points. In the final tie Tottenham House defeated Cavendish, and became holders of the Cup for the sixth time since 1882, their last victory having been in 1897. Clarence and Kildare come next with five wins each, and it is noteworthy that while Clarence last won in 1893, Kildare have scored all their victories since that date, viz., in 1895-6-9-1900-1!

The Junior Competition was divided into four sections. Argyll won one with the maximum of points. West End II won another after tying on points. In Section III Leta and Shamrock tied, Leta winning a deciding match; and Kensington II won Section IV. In the semi-finals West End beat Argyll, and Leta beat Kensington II; and Leta beat

West End II in the final, and for the first time in their career became the holders of the Cup. West End II have now been in the final of this Competition three times without tasting the sweets of victory.

Eleven clubs competed for the Senior Cup and twenty-two clubs for the Junior.

There were several very close finishes, the match, Kensington *v.* Hatherley Rovers, resulting in a tie of 41 runs each; Kildare beat Commerce House by 1 run; Tottenham House beat Hanover House by 2 runs; Cavendish beat Clarence by 2 runs; Holborn Circus beat Oxford Athletic by 3 runs; Commerce House beat Cavendish by 5 runs; West End beat Kensington by 8 runs.

We regret being unable to include a list of the largest individual scores, owing to club secretaries omitting to send them to the Hon. Sec. of the Association, the bowling analysis only being supplied in consequence of special prizes being offered with a view to improving that department of the game which appears most neglected; but it would be a source of gratification to the Hon. Sec. if full score sheets were sent in; this is done by two or three clubs, but in a general résumé of this character, unless the more conspicuous performances can be included, it is best to omit the few.

The general result of the West End Cricket Association Competitions of the present season is that a much better standard of cricket and a more general equality of strength of the teams has been attained, while the interest evinced by the clubs and houses generally has been considerably strengthened.

W.E.P.C.A.

The winter season of the West End Physical Culture Association opens on Monday, October 12th, preceded by a Demonstration of the Sandow System. Those late members who have not recently visited the School will be interested to know that during the summer months various alterations have been made in the equipment of the gymnasium and dressing-room, which will conduce to the comfort of all.

It is proposed this season to elect on the General Committee one member from each house sending a fair quota of members, and any gentleman who is disposed to take the matter up in his own particular house, with a view to securing members and generally working in the interests of the Association and Physical Culture, is requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec., W.E.P.C.A., Sandow's Ltd., 185, Tottenham Court Road, from whom full particulars can be obtained.

K.

Athletics in the City.

By A. P. PARKER.

THE City of London cricket, lawn tennis, walking, and running championships were decided, by permission of the Gresham, Minerva, and Ravensbourne Clubs, on their beautifully-kept grounds at Lee, on Saturday, August 22.

Fortunately the weather, after a very wet spell, took a favourable turn, and was brilliantly fine. A large and enthusiastic crowd put in an appearance, and there are evidences that the Association is, year by year, becoming more and more popular than ever. The arrangements were carried out by a sub-committee, which consisted of Messrs. Geo. Pragnell, C. G. Thorpe, H. R. Hill, T. W. Rodger, and W. O. Godfrey (Hon. Sec.), and everything went off without a hitch.

Proceedings opened with the final for the Senior Cricket Championship. Ravensbourne, the winners of Division I, had Crownfield, winners of Division II, as opponents. The latter club have never previously appeared in the final, and certainly were somewhat fortunate in getting into this position this season. They lost two points to Briton, and by less than six runs just managed to beat both City Albion and Faudels. Ravensbourne, on the other hand, scored 17 points out of a possible 20, winning seven matches, and drawing three owing to wet. With such a record, and the fact that they were in Division I, Ravensbourne were, of course, expected to win somewhat easily, but the glorious uncertainty of cricket asserted itself, and to the surprise of everyone, Crownfield outplayed them at every point and won by five wickets. Every man worked hard, but chief honours are due to Stewardson and Carter. The former in the first innings took eight wickets for 31 runs, while Carter, who is a very fast left-hand bowler, could not get a foothold in the first innings, but in the second bowled finely, taking five wickets for 17 runs.

The ground after the heavy rains of the previous days was fluky and treacherous, but was as fair for one side as the other. Crownfield took every advantage that was offered, while Ravensbourne did not, and played nervously, and would possibly have done very much better on a hard wicket. On the day's play Crownfield were certainly the better team, and are to be heartily congratulated on their success.

This is the twelfth year of the competition, and is the second occasion on which a Second Division club has triumphed over a First Division finalist. In 1897, Longford met with a similar success over Minerva.

Ravensbourne were the first winners of the Cup in 1892. Minerva held it in 1893–6–9, Aptus 1894, Olympic 1895 and 1903, Condor 1898 and 1901, and Gresham in 1900.

In the athletic portion of the programme, two events were added, viz.: Tug-of-War for teams of six, and 100 yds. Flat Handicap. Both events were well contested. In all the heats of the sprint some very close finishes were seen; in fact, in the fifth a dead-heat resulted. The winner proved to be G. R. Radley (Minerva), who beat R. Bartlett (Corona) by inches only, with E. E. Adams

(City Albion) third, and L. Rossi (Olympic) fourth, the rest close up. Time, 10⅗ secs.

In the Tug-of-War, all the heats were won by two pulls to none, excepting the final, which was secured by Condor, who defeated Ravensbourne by two hauls to one.

Holborn Circus, who have retained the One Mile Team Running Championship since 1898, again became the holders. H. Creasey, of their team, also won the gold medal for first man home. Minerva won in 1890–1–2; Ravensbourne, 1893–4–5; Forest, 1896, and Anlaby, 1897.

Ravensbourne, for the third year in succession, secured the Mile Walking Championship, R. Giles, of this club, being the winner, followed by a fellow-clubman and last year's winner, H. Rattenbury.

Minerva won in 1893; Gresham, 1894–5–6–8 and 1900; Fell Street, 1897; Ravensbourne, 1899, 1901–2–3.

As was expected, Olympic, for the sixth year in succession, won the Lawn Tennis Shield, beating Ravensbourne by two games to one.

Gresham won in 1892; Connaught, 1893–4–5–7; Olympic, 1898–9–1900–1–2–3, and tied with Connaught in 1896.

RAVENSBOURNE F.C.

G. Poole. C. Jones. R. Johns. F. Briscoe. W. McShane. T. Felstead. E. J. Taylor (Hon. Sec.).
G. Lovegrove. W. J. N. Cutcliffe (Capt). H. Hannam. P. Badcock.
R. Lowes. A. M. Yaxley.

The Ravensbourne swimming section has been greatly strengthened by the addition of A. G. Harvey, the City champion and Holloway United crack, but what is Ravensbourne's gain is City Dolphin's loss, and one that will be most keenly felt.

The Flying Squadron is the last championship, and will be decided at the Ravens-

bourne entertainment at Westminster Baths on the 3rd of this month.

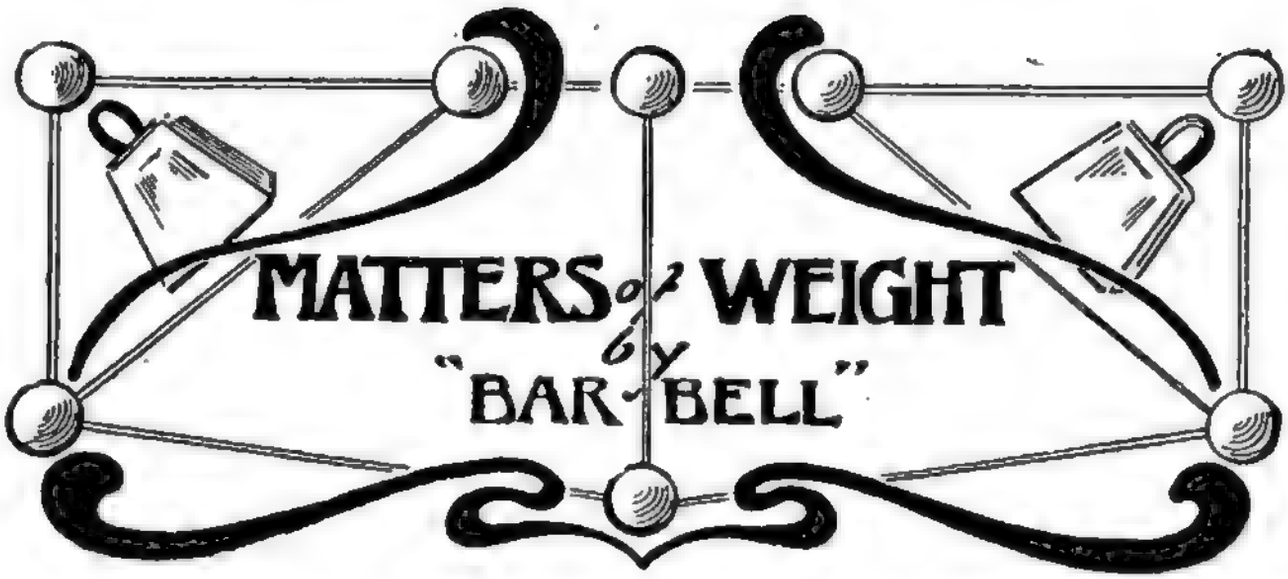
Football is now in full swing, but City clubs, as a rule, do not seriously start until this month.

The champions, Olympic, expect a good season, and have again entered the English Cup, the Amateur, London, Middlesex, and West End Senior Cups. With these competitions, it is difficult to see how they will be able to work in the extra number of City Shield matches, so possibly the reserves will have to undertake some of them. W. P. Meates, who last season played for Shepherd's Bush, has been elected captain, and with A. Wade, who also last season played for Shepherd's Bush, and is back again in the "House," should greatly strengthen the defence. The heavy and ambitious list of matches may mean sacrificing their holding of the City Championship, and should greatly strengthen Ravensbourne's chance.

Last season the last named were very successful, and Olympic alone prevented them winning the Shield. Almost the whole of last season's players are available, with several good new players.

Chas. Hay, whose photograph is reproduced here, is a most promising athlete, being a good swimmer and water-polo player, and also excels at boxing, football, and cricket. He trains on the Sandow system, and has developed wonderfully.

C. HAY,
Olympic Club.



A WELL-KNOWN amateur exponent of the art of weight-lifting has recently, through the medium of a contemporary, given a few hints to those athletes for whom this page is primarily intended, and although his remarks may act as a cold douche to the aspirations of would-be champions at the game, the common sense of them is undeniable, and if weight-lifters will take them to heart they will be doing themselves a deal of good.

There is many a youth who takes up the development of muscle and imagines that the necessary outcome of the physical benefits and increased strength he derives therefrom is prominence as a weight-lifter. He is stronger than he was, therefore he must go in for weight-lifting to prove the fact to himself and his friends. He practises with some heavy weights, he reaches a certain point, and there he sticks fast. Do any better he cannot; his glowing prospect of blossoming into an amateur champion becomes less fiery, he loses interest in the game, and, after a longer or shorter period, turns it up. Mr. Slade Jones points out that all cannot become champions—a fact which ought to be obvious, but isn't; that of really very strong men there are but a very few, and that the majority of these are men of great bulk; consequently, because the novice does not, after a few months' practice, perform feats equal to those of Sandow, Louis Cyr, and such strong men, it is no reason why he should become disgusted with himself, and refuse to have any more to do with weight-lifting.

Why everybody should regard heavy weight-lifting as an ideal to be zealously worked for I cannot conceive; to work simply with the object of being able, if things turn out well, to raise enormous weights, and that alone, is ridiculous. For real pleasure to be derived from the practising of the art one should regard weight-lifting merely as a means to an end, not as the end itself. Weight-lifting does increase one's bodily strength; it may, at some time or the other, come in useful, but to devote oneself to it and it alone, instead of making it but one of the forms of physical recreation to be indulged in, is nothing but a sheer waste of time. Combined with other sports it is all right; but to make it one's sole sport is all wrong.

Not long ago an acquaintance told me that he intended giving up weight-lifting, as he seemed to be doing no good at it. He could only raise 120 lbs. with both hands to arms' length above his head. Now this fellow is immensely strong; he is only some five feet in height, weighs ten stone, and his development is something to marvel at. He had come across some weight-lifting records, and

he was disappointed with his own powers. I commenced to ask him some questions concerning his practice and his feats, and was considerably astonished at his replies. The 120 lb. lift of his was a slow press, both feet together, while the weight raised was a two-inch iron bar, with strips of lead wound round the ends to bring it up to the required weight. He admitted that the weight at either end were probably not identical, and seemed astonished when I asked him what he would expect to do with such an instrument. What sort of leg of mutton fist would anybody require to get a satisfactory grip of a two-inch bar? The thought of playing about with such instruments is enough to make the ordinary weight-lifter shudder. Cart axles with wheels attached, bars of iron with 56-lbs. ring weights fastened to the ends by wire strands and such improvised weights, were the materials with which this fellow used to practise. And then he wondered why it was he could do so little. No wonder that the bent press was something unknown to him.

It is due, I hope, to the fact that the holiday season is not yet over, and that such a strenuous sport as weight-lifting is more suited to the winter than the summer months, and not to any decreasing enthusiasm in the game, that very little practice is at present being done by the majority of weight-lifting clubs in and about London. I have been round, but so far, there is very little activity displayed—a state of things which, I trust, will shortly be altered,

A short time back a well-known professional weight-lifter was the author of a feat of exceptional character. This was the pulling over while in a recumbent position on his back, and the pushing to arms' length over his head, of a bar-bell of the tremendous weight of three hundred and fifty odd pounds (with such an enormous weight as this I did not think it worth while troubling to ascertain the exact figures). It was a double-handed lift, of course, and the performer made use of his forehead, as a sort of fulcrum, in a manner which none but those with exceptionally stout skulls would care to attempt.

By the time these lines appear in print there will have commenced in Paris a series of weight-lifting contests, with different classes open to amateurs and professionals, which bids fair to provoke uncommon interest. So far I have not been able to obtain any full particulars of the contests, which are being arranged by the "Sportsman" of Paris"—that is to say, "L'Auto-Velo"—which is always to the fore in the promotion of various forms of athletic competitions. As the prizes are sure to be of good value I should be glad to see some of our English amateurs taking part therein, although the honour of the thing will, I hope, weigh more than the value of the prizes. In the next number of the Magazine I hope to be able to give the fullest particulars of the results of these contests.

AND EDITORIAL CHAT.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on page iii of cover.

All communications relating to Instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

Jay Bee.—For consummate cheek you take the palm; this, I think, is all the answer you deserve.

J. McCrea.—The numbers of the Magazine you mention are very scarce; in fact, out of print; hence the difference in price. For the remainder of your queries I strongly advise you to take a course by post. This would simplify matters a great deal, and remedy the defects you speak of. See advertisement in Magazine.

Hopeful.—Your doctor's advice is correct. Rest, massage with embrocation, and bandaging are the only things possible. Do not sprint for some two or three months. It does not necessarily follow, however, that you are always going to be troubled with it. Write me in three months' time.

R. B. W.—I am sorry you cannot take one of my Postal Courses; you must then be content to work from the charts given with my developer and dumb-bells. There is no authorised Sandow School of Physical Culture in Nottingham.

T. Bancroft.—Shall be pleased to see you when you come to town. Your photo will be published in its turn with hundreds of others.

E. G. Pettitt.—See answer to T. Bancroft.

Ireland.—Your general circulation is bad, but will improve with regular exercise; keep on the move after your bath.

F. P.—Irregularity in taking your meals and want of sufficient exercise of a proper nature is mainly what you are suffering from. You should take 30 minutes' exercise daily—with dumb-bells (20 minutes) and developer (10 minutes). Try a change of diet, including Plasmon, in powder form, with your meals.

G. Porter, Simla.—You ought to try my Postal Instruction System. I will send you along particulars.

G. A. Clark.—Full particulars *re* the Sandow poses, printed on art paper, will be found in the advertisement pages.

G. Stubblefield.—Thanks for good wishes. I hope to be able to do something of the sort in the Christmas issue, which will contain many interesting and novel features.

C. Gordon, Brighton.—The muscles brought into play in striking are the lattisimus dorsi, serratus magnus, triceps and deltoid, anterior and posterior pectorals.

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E. Morgan Evans, Swansea.—Without taking into consideration the manner, whether clean or not, of the lifting, the following have been taken as records:—*a.* Snatch lift, right hand, 190 lbs., Maspoli. Snatch lift, left hand, 188½ lbs., Louis Cyr. *b.* Straight push, 285½ lbs., Louis Cyr. *c.* Bent press, 318 lbs., A. Saxon. *d.* Two hands to shoulder and then up, 136 lbs. right, and 135 lbs. left, Maspoli. *e.* Two-handed lift from ground, about 350 lbs., by Turck and a few other Continental athletes. The above are guaranteed lifts, but would not be recognised by the Amateur Gymnastic Association.

Wm. Gunn, R.N.—Any woollen costume, say sweater, flannel trousers, and bath slippers, would answer your purpose.

G. Hulton.—Your measurements are good, but I advise you to drop weight-lifting for some years to come; you are much too young. Half of the Developer on alternate days with the Dumb-bell Chart is about the work you require.

E. Gould.—(1) The finest food you can take is Plasmon. Can be obtained in various forms, powder, chocolate, cocoa, etc., either of which would suit you. (2) On each of the charts you name there are leg exercises, which I advise you to practise thoroughly. The charts may be obtained from this office at 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

Cyclist.—Never drink tea when training, especially for long-distance riding. At no time is it good for one. Have you tried Plasmon cocoa. You will find that suit your requirements exactly. You can obtain it at any chemist's or stores.

G. Duncan.—Yes, I think with you that something seems likely to be done at last. The Scottish Commission has certainly borne fruit in this respect.

C. B. L., Kensington Park, W.—Your letter has received attention. I trust your friend will benefit.

Afflicted.—You are one of thousands. I advise you a complete change of diet, including plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, meat only three or four days per week. Have your last meal quite two hours or more before retiring, and eat and drink nothing between it and breakfast. Exercise 30 minutes in the morning and about 10 to 15 minutes at night before retiring. Have a cold bath after exercising in the morning, and cold sponge in the evening after exercise. Eat Plasmon and take plenty of farinaceous foods.

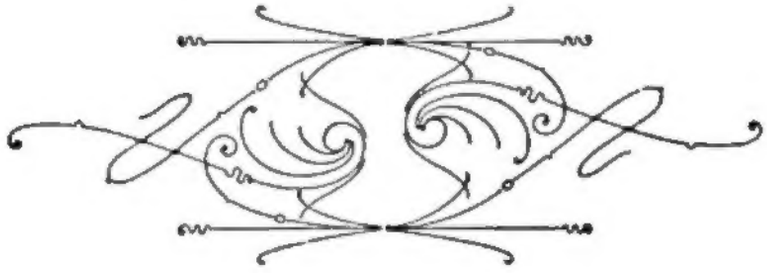
W. H. Baker.—Your measurements are very good, but you require to work at your arms and legs much more. Take Plasmon with your food.

E. Mills.—If you are working well, and I take it you are from your results, you have only to persevere to add weight. Eat farinaceous foods and continue with Plasmon.

Inquirer.—"Boxing," by Edgworth Johnstone, from Gale, Polden, Paternoster Row. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

Levite.—Yes, you may do them, but go carefully, as they are rather severe for one of your age.

I. W. Love.—You are suffering from indigestion—mild form. Exercise from my No. 1 Chart, and regulate your diet, especially the last meal. Sleep with your room well ventilated, and take cold bath on rising.



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To My Readers.

IMPORTANT NOTICE RELATING TO MY POSTAL INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT.

I regret having to announce that owing to the enormous mass of correspondence which inundates me day by day in connection with my Postal Instruction Department, I cannot possibly, under existing conditions, give the necessary time and consideration to each individual application.

I have therefore decided, in common fairness, to limit prescriptions by post to what may be called

Curative Physical Culture.

THIS HAS NECESSITATED THE DISCONTINUANCE OF THE 2/6 MONTHLY COURSE.

The cases upon which I shall now give advice are those where expert and individual instruction is necessary.

Among these may be named—

INDIGESTION,
INSOMNIA,
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